

JAPAN FOR A WEEK
BRITAIN FOR EVER



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LONDON : JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, W.
NEW YORK : JOHN LANE COMPANY, 110-114 WEST 32ND ST.

JAPAN FOR A WEEK
(BRITAIN FOR EVER!)





AT NIKKO

JAPAN FOR A WEEK (BRITAIN FOR EVER)

BY A. M. THOMPSON ❧ ❧
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS ❧
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

*LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY. MCMXI*

WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD. PRINTERS, PLYMOUTH

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TO
THE CORNISH LADY

AN APOLOGY

TO see Japan thoroughly, to master its problems, to probe its soul, to pluck the whole heart of its mystery, probably needs, as a fellow globe-trotter assured me, "all of a fortnight."

Our time in the country was even less than that; for our exploring party—in quest of "local colour" for the Japanese play to succeed *The Arcadians* at the Shaftesbury Theatre—was under the guidance and control of my friend and sometime collaborator, Robert Courtneidge, a restless soul who, if he had accompanied Peary in his Arctic expedition, would have reached the North Pole with watch in one hand and timetable in the other, to announce that there was a train to the South Pole in a quarter of an hour, and, "Can you fellows be ready to catch it?"

That was how he rushed us through Germany, Russia, Siberia, and Japan; and that accounts for the deplorable absence of statistics with which I might otherwise have proved the misstatements appearing in this work.

An Apology

But though my kinematographic record of the places and people we passed on train and steamer may be, in some respects, less instructive than the books of Lafcadio Hearn, Clement, Chamberlain, Arthur Diósy, Sir Henry Norman, Miss Bacon, Alf. Stead, and even Pierre Loti, it may possess some interest as the faithful diary of a mental development and change induced in a previously untravelled mind by the enlargement of its horizon. A childhood spent in Germany at the time of Sadowa, boyhood as a Parisian lycéen during the German war, some years' successive Continental holidays, and a flying visit to New York and Canada, had been the extent of my foreign experiences, until this scamper to the East gave me a glimmering of the British Empire's extent, effect, and meaning, and opened my eyes to the vast problems and perils confronting the human race on the shores of the great Pacific.

This initiation, together with what I observed of the efficiency of the Germans and Japanese, and what I heard from representative Germans as to their plans of Welt Politik, so deeply influenced and modified my own views as to the problems of armaments, military training, and international policies, that if ever I were sent, for my sins, to Parliament, my first legislative proposal should

An Apology

be a Bill providing for the periodical despatch of batches of honourable *and* right honourable gentlemen from Westminster, at the country's expense, to every nook and corner of the British Empire. The cost would be heavy and their absence hard to bear, but I am sanguine enough to believe that the advantages of such a system of State-aided passages might even surpass the blessed results of the Tariff Reform League's Cheap Trips to Germany for Eleemosynary Sons of Toil.

Failing this method of national enlightenment Parliament and the people will have to make shift for the present with these brief records of my own impressions. They may be slight and faint, but they are true, and greatly in earnest. As for their insufficiency—is not this *An Apology*?

I must add that I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Courtneidge for the best of the snapshots reproduced in this volume, and to the Lady of the Dedication for the decorative frontispiece. I myself took some exceptional, not to say unique, views of the vague mysticism of the East, but their charm proved in most cases wholly spiritual, and the gross artisans of the West confess their utter inability to reproduce it.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A SUNDAY IN BERLIN	3
THE RUSSIAN PASSPORT SYSTEM	11
THE EMPIRE OF THE TSAR	19
MOSCOW AND PIETY	29
ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY	39
FIRST GLIMPSE OF JAPAN	48
THE SEAMY SIDE AT KYOTO	56
IN THE TRAIN	62
THE TEA-HOUSE AT TOKYO	66
THE TEMPLES OF OLD NIKKO	73
JAPANESE LABOUR CONDITIONS	89
JAPANESE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS	97
JAPANESE COMMERCIAL HONESTY	105
JAPANESE POLITENESS	118
WHO ARE THE JAPANESE?	125
JAPANESE ENGLISH	130
THE INLAND SEA	138
SHANGHAI	147
CHINESE SOCIAL CONDITIONS	156

Contents

	PAGE
BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION	167
CHINA'S AWAKENING	177
HONG KONG	199
SINGAPORE, COLOMBO, AND HOME	213
THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING BOND	225
THE GERMAN MENACE	230
A PLEA FOR PATRIOTISM	240

ILLUSTRATIONS

AT NIKKO (THE AUTHOR)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	TO FACE PAGE
A CHINESE VILLAGE GROUP	38
JAPANESE COSTUMES	48
MOUSMÉ WITH BABY	58
IN THE MIYAKO HOTEL	58
A VIEW IN TOKYO	68
Torii AND TEMPLE STEPS: NIKKO	80
YOUNG JAPAN	90
FISHERMEN AT KOBE	104
PRIVATE GARDEN NEAR KYOTO	118
THE INLAND SEA	138
LAST VIEW OF NAGASAKI	146
MANDARIN'S HOUSE: SHANGHAI	154
NATIVE CITY: SHANGHAI	160
STREET SCENE IN SHANGHAI	166
ABERDEEN: A CHINESE TOWN NEAR HONG KONG .	198
CHINESE JOSS HOUSE: HONG KONG	212

JAPAN FOR A WEEK
(BRITAIN FOR EVER !)

JAPAN FOR A WEEK (BRITAIN FOR EVER)

A Sunday in Berlin

TO explain the end of this book it is needful to begin at the beginning. In no other way can I make you understand why two peace-loving citizens of anti-militarist views—one of them a Socialist—became converted to the fine frenzy of patriotic fervour which——

But let us not anticipate.

We were impressed, like all visitors of recent years, with Berlin's brightness : it is now as new and clean as Paris was after Baron Haussmann's clean sweep in the '60's. The floral decoration of the lofty stone houses, the wide streets embellished with trees, grass, and flowers, the display of opulence in the vast villadom of the Thiergarten quarter, have made Berlin the show-town of Europe.

As compared with Paris, it is perhaps over-

Japan for a Week

decorated and something stodgy. Kriegesallee, which the Emperor's taste has lavishly speckled with marble effigies of his ancestors, is rather suggestive of a prosperous cemetery, or a glorified Euston Road. But its deliberate stimulation of national pride in national achievement is chastening to the London tripper's rapturous remembrance of Trafalgar Square and the new Valhalla of the Embankment. We have but one statue of Shakespeare, and that an abortion. We have memorials of Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Raikes, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The good Prince Albert is lavishly and wonderfully memorialised in gold and marble. But we have no street testimonials of our national pride in Bacon, Locke, Newton, Milton, Spenser, Swift, Sterne, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Handel, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Meredith, Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, or Darwin.

They order these matters better in Berlin. Though Germany is the foremost military nation in the world, its capital has delighted to honour in the national Campo Santo, not only the nation's eminent soldiers, but also its philosophers, poets, painters, and musicians.

The spectacle presented by the beer gardens on the Sunday of our visit was even more disturbing to patriotic complacency. Thousands of men

A Sunday in Berlin

and women and children sat at the tables, listening to excellent bands and excellent music, while sipping chocolate, coffee, and tea ! In the largest and most densely-crowded of the suburban gardens we saw only one glass of beer, and nowhere any stronger drink.

We visited the Hibbel Theatre, the most artistically-appointed play-house I have seen, where *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, by one Bernard Shaw, a dramatist of world-wide fame whose works are prohibited in England, has been performed over 180 times. The manager, a son of Björnson, the Norwegian writer, pressed us to see the Sunday afternoon performance, which was to be given *gratuitously* to members of workmen's clubs. Sunday performances at many theatres, we were told, were *free to working people*, the seats being paid for, in many cases, by progressive associations or employers !

All these features we fruitfully observed and meekly digested. Then we asked our guide to comfort our patriotism by showing us the slums. He replied that there were none ! We laughed at his impudence, and directed the driver to proceed to the poorest quarters. He drove us through miles of densely populated streets, evidently inhabited by working people. But we discovered no Whitechapel, no Hoxton, and no Bermondsey.

Japan for a Week

“While women are weeping and children starving; while industrious men and women are herding like beasts in filthy and fever-haunted hovels, to build art galleries and churches, town halls and colleges, is like putting on a muslin shirt over a filthy skin, a diamond crown upon a leprous head.” That is how John Ruskin commented on our British splendours. But in Berlin the magnificence of the clustered palaces and museums in Unter den Linden has not its closely lurking London antithesis of slums and wretchedness.

We saw no rags, no beggars, and not a symptom of the hopeless misery that shuffles piteously through London’s wealthiest streets.

I am bound to suppose that poverty does exist in Berlin, but I know that none was visible amongst the crowds in the spacious streets, public parks, and beer gardens that we visited. Destitution was (to use a hackneyed phrase) *conspicuous* by its absence. The phenomenon was startling, it was sensational; it was, as the Germans say, “kolossal!”

The general air of cleanliness and decency, and the smartness and fine physique of the men—these were the features that most impressed and surprised us on that busy Sunday in Berlin. No slums, no visible destitution, and no broken-down, shuffling Tired Tims or Weary Willies!

A Sunday in Berlin

I am prepared to be told in reply that German wages are lower than the British. But wages are not everything. The essential questions are, What do the people get out of life? What joy, culture, and wholesome recreation do they obtain? To these questions I felt bound to answer, as I had previously done in Munich, that superficial evidences are all symptomatic of higher conditions in Germany than in England.

Everything in Berlin suggests systematic efficiency. The people may be over-policed and over-drilled. At least they look fed and fit.

German patriotism may tend to arrogance and domineering. It has at least taught the people to be lords to themselves and to depend on themselves.

Our guide, a cosmopolitan German social student, who is equally at home in Berlin, Vienna, London, Paris, and New York, and who seemed as familiar with hospitals as with beer gardens, with museums as with restaurants, with theatres as with banks, completed our humiliation and discomfiture by his discourse at dinner.

"Germany," he declared, "is younger, stronger, healthier than England. Germany is better ruled, better organised, and in every way more efficient than England. The secret of her efficiency lies in education, conscription, discipline, and the men's physical fitness.

Japan for a Week

“Germany’s educational system provides greater equality of opportunity than your class-bound universities. Her social legislation is at least twenty years ahead of England’s. While you have been cherishing your Law of Entail and the sacredness of Property to encourage accumulations of wealth, we have been pushing forward Old Age Pensions, Unemployed Insurance, and Labour Exchanges to prevent poverty. While you have been busy with your deer forests and grouse shootings, your racing and football, your gin palaces and Christian Sundays, we have been busily working six days a week, and enjoying ourselves as you never do on the seventh.

“Everything in Germany is more *thorough* than in England. To-day you see us *thoroughly* enjoying ourselves: to-morrow you may see us *thoroughly* working. We *thoroughly* believe in ourselves, our country, and our future. We are so *thoroughly* organised and efficient that we know we shall do whatever we want to do.

“England builds Dreadnoughts, but we have built a nation; and if ever England should provoke us to war—which I do not believe—the organised and efficient nation will smash the Dreadnoughts as surely and as thoroughly as she smashed Denmark, Austria, and France.

“But Germany will never again shed blood

A Sunday in Berlin

unless war is forced upon her. The day of European war is passed. Besides, why should she? What has Germany to gain from England that she cannot secure by her present methods? Her manufactures and commerce have leaped forward in the last thirty years till they have, as you say, transformed and revolutionised the country. Her financial influence rules America, North and South, and is conquering Asia. Sooner or later, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, which are already dominated by German commerce and finance, will ask to be taken under German government, and no Power can prevent the natural and inevitable union. German Austria will certainly join us before many years. Germany will occupy the whole of Central Europe from North Sea to Adriatic. What can she want more? Especially, what do we want from England that we cannot get without war? There is room enough in the world for England as well as Germany."

This and much more said our guide, philosopher, and friend, with a smiling confidence that was perhaps as characteristic and as impressive as anything he had shown us. At the end of his oration we Britishers humbly put up our thumbs and asked him to entreat his Government to add us to its list of impending annexations.

"After all," asked Courtneidge, with a troubled

Japan for a Week

expression, "what *is* Patriotism? Is it pride in our slums, our gin palaces, and our squalor? Is it to preserve *them* from German invasion," he questioned, uneasily, "that we are to arm and fight?"

They had been a party of cheery and positive Britishers who alighted in Berlin on Sunday morning from the overnight Nord express. They were a party of very limp and thoughtful Britishers who sat down to hatch out Courtneidge's questionings in the night train to Warsaw.

The Russian Passport System

IN Berlin our patriotic pride was reduced by misgivings as to our insular super-excellence.

Russia happily restored us to a more proper—or British—state of mind.

From Berlin to Moscow—what a distance! The railway journey actually took little more than forty hours, but in that time we crossed centuries.

The contrast began as soon as we reached the frontier. On the previous night the keys of our baggage had been politely requisitioned before we reached German territory, and the Customs inspection caused no inconvenience at all.

But at Alexandrowa it was different. It is the mission and purpose of Russian officialdom to make itself unpleasant, and it never misses an opportunity. It lies in wait for the stranger and pounces upon him as soon as he enters the country's gates.

We had left Berlin at 7.15 in the evening. The train officials were Russian. They spoke no

Japan for a Week

language but Russian, and not chattily at that. But I managed to extract the information that we should cross the frontier at half-past one in the morning, and that it would not be useful to undress.

As soon as we reached Alexandrowa we were boarded by bearded pirates in belted blouses and top-boots, who swooped upon our bags and baggage, and fled triumphant into the night. Rubbing sleepy eyes and struggling into overcoats, we followed as quickly as we might. A drowsy, frowsy mob we looked, as we shambled into the light of the Customs room—men in mackintoshes over obvious pyjamas, dishevelled women in dressing-gowns, all weary, wan, and shivering in the chilly morning air.

When we had given up the indispensable and ever-vexatious passports, the Customs examination began, and the vaunted German “thoroughness” stood, for once, hopelessly out-classed. Every trunk, bag, and portmanteau was opened; every article of their contents turned over and tumbled. Sleepy women opened their eyes very wide as their most cherished Parisian “confections” were ruthlessly tossed out by the heavy-handed brigands.

But little cared the bearded brigands for that. Through many centuries they and their kind had

The Russian Passport System

been oppressed and tormented by higher oppressors and tormentors ; now it was their turn, and they made the most of it.

Væ victis ! A pretty hat ? Down with it to the dirty ground ! Snatch it up again ; Pirate No. II tumbles it, crumbles it, tosses it in the heavy scales to be weighed, appraised, and taxed !

One English lady, in some distress about keys, begged me to ask a question of her especial torturer. I struggled heroically in many languages. The top-booted pirate watched my frantic efforts with contempt, barked something in his own barbarous tongue, and turned away with that superb insolence which is peculiar to the Russian official.

What with baggage and passports, it took two hours of the cheerless night to get us clear of officialdom.

And all to what end ?

The passport rule applies to all travellers, in every kind of night's shelter, from palace to doss-house, and the police claim that under this system no man can move in Russia without their knowledge. Yet I was told of an instance where the police, "wanting" a man whose passport they held, came to claim him at a factory which he had left *fully two years before !*

I am told that the police possess a *dossier* describing the antecedents of every inhabitant of

Japan for a Week

every town, and, in tracking or identifying criminals, these records are said to be very useful—when the police happen to be able to find them.

But as more secret outrages occur and go unpunished in Russia than in any other country, it would seem that this does not happen every time ; and one would think that the vast army of functionaries employed in compiling, collecting, and rummaging passports and *dossiers*, to the annoyance of travellers, the discouragement of visitors, and the hindrance of commerce, might be more profitably employed.

An example of the annoyances to which the system leads was vouchsafed to us on a previous visit to Petersburg and Moscow. We had spent a week in sight-seeing, getting our passport disfigured with elusive police statements at every hotel we stayed at. But at last we had returned to the English ship which brought us, and thanked Heaven that we had done with passports.

In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of these devotions, I was interrupted by the steward's announcement that I was wanted in the captain's cabin.

"What's the matter ?" I asked carelessly.

"Something wrong with your passport," said the steward.

The Russian Passport System

I found the loathly police in the captain's cabin—two of them. In answer to my inquiries, one who spoke English told me in the most casual tone that I “could not sail by this ship”!

They went on with their work of examining passports and took no further note of me, till I recovered breath enough to ask, “Why?”

“You haven't a police permit to leave the country,” answered the man who spoke English.

“But my passport has been *visé* every day by the police,” I pleaded.

“That is not enough. If you had read your passport, you would have seen that ‘when returning from Russia an authorisation from the police is required to be produced at the frontier, or if the stay was over six months—a Russian passport.’”

“Then what must I do?”

“Get off this ship,” was the reply.

I sought the captain and asked his advice.

“Take a droschky back to Petersburg,” he said, “and get the porter from your hotel to go to the police station with you. They can't refuse the permit, and you will be back here in little more than an hour. Leave your luggage on the ship and I will wait for you.”

It was now raining heavily, and the miles to Petersburg seemed endless.

Japan for a Week

At last we reached the Grand Hotel, where I breathlessly explained the trouble and demanded interpreters. A small one was found in the cellar and flung into my droschky.

Splash and crash to the nearest police office. The responsible official was out.

Splash and crash to another office. The official in charge was highly amused when the story had been told, but he could do nothing. We had better try So-and-So.

Splash and crash to So-and-So. Evidently a high dignitary, this time, with a fine show of braid and bad manners. He was seated reading a paper when we entered, and his back was turned to us. He did not take the trouble to rise nor to turn. When the interpreter had told his story, His Policemanship merely turned his head and grunted in Russian, "Come back at eleven."

I interposed in French, explaining that the ship's time for sailing was already past, that I was indebted to the captain's courtesy for the delay which had already taken place, and that I must go back to England by this ship.

His Policemanship neither turned his head nor spoke a word.

I tried him with my German.

He neither turned his head nor spoke a word.

Then I thought it was time to fall back on

The Russian Passport System

plain English. I spoke one word and slammed my way out of his sty.

Splash and crash back to the docks, with the pleasant task in prospect of breaking the news to the Cornish lady to whom this little book is dedicated and who generally favours me with her company on my travels.

It should be accounted to me for merit that I did it without sinking the ship or breaking so much as a blood-vessel.

She was too utterly confounded to realise what was happening till I had gotten her and the chattels safely away in a boat, and then, recovering, she prepared to begin.

“Well,” she said, “of all the——”

She got no further. Fixing her with what was left of the glare I had bestowed on the Russian dignitary of police, I said: “Woman! Not another word! I have had as much to-day as I can stand.”

In all the twenty years of our travelling together I had never before called her “Woman!”

It froze up the lava torrent of her wrath before another word could flow.

.

From information subsequently received, I gather that I omitted the one argument which

Japan for a Week

would have persuaded the Russian police to grant me my permit : it is usual in Russia, it appears, in all difficulties with public officials, to scratch the itching palm with roubles.

Ignorance of this simple rule cost us an all-night journey of fifteen hours in the train and a considerable addition to the cost of our holiday. And two roubles, I was assured, would have "squared" it.

The Empire of the Tsar

AT eight in the morning we were startled by a fresh inrush of brigands, and though some of us were still in our beds, and most of us only partly dressed, we were tumbled out without warning upon the platform at Warsaw, neck and crop, bag and baggage, to complete our toilets as best we could during the long drive through the rain to another station at the far extremity of the town.

Here, after the usual altercation with droschky drivers and porters, and the customary wait for the opening of platform doors, we took seats in the train for the twenty-seven-hour journey to Moscow.

The only clear impression I retain of the long ride which followed through the day, night, and following forenoon, is that it began to open our eyes to the vastness of the Russian Empire. Up to Moscow we travelled continuously for thirty-four hours through Russian territory, and then started again on another continuous journey of 216 hours to Vladivostock, during

Japan for a Week

the whole of which, except for a few hours in China, we were traversing the Empire of the Tsar.

Russia occupies half of Europe and a third of Asia, or more than a seventh of the habitable globe. From Behring's Sea to Baltic it stretches over 172 degrees, or nearly half the whole world's circuit. To realise the full significance of these dimensions, one would need to travel through the whole length and breadth of the colossal country, from frost-bound Arctic clime of white bears to wine-growing Southern Crimea ; from tropical Eastern gardens of the Persian borderland to icy mountain shores of Japan and China seas.

The hundreds of miles through which we passed between Alexandrowa and Moscow form part of the great plain of Central Europe, unbroken in all its vastness by hill or mountain. Flat corn-fields alternate with flat forests, forests with corn-fields, in monotonous regularity. Here and there, many miles apart, a huddle of mean wooden huts and a scattering of peasants, bare-footed, ragged, bovine. At the larger stations, where sometimes as many as a score of hovels are grouped together, one finds officialdom represented in coarse and dowdy uniforms, but still sufficiently clothed in arrogance.

The Empire of the Tsar

Twice we encountered military trains full of recruits, blotchy, brutal-looking men for the most part, uniformed in slovenly uncleanness. And peasants, officials, and soldiers all compare unfavourably in regard to condition, smartness, and intelligence with the oxen in the fields.

Of the residences of the landowners, not a sign anywhere. They live, apparently, in Paris or Monte Carlo, where I have met them, opulent, prodigal, Sardanapalian in luxury, and as indifferent as Grand Dukes to the human beasts of burden and human food for cannon who provide and protect the means for their extravagance.

The Tsar has one hundred palaces scattered throughout the length and breadth of his dominions. These Imperial residences have a staff of 32,000 servants, and the wages bill amounts to £8,000,000 per annum. His private stables contain 5000 horses, and he is the owner of 50,000 head of cattle which graze on the pasture lands of his private farms. It is said that he has never even seen more than half of the palaces that are his, and he has seen only the outside of about twenty-five of the remainder. Still, all the Imperial residences are kept fully equipped and staffed all the year round.

The isolation of the villages, scattered amidst vast wildernesses unbridged by rail or road ; the

ignorance and superstition of the peasants and of the workers generally ; the conspicuous absence of intermediaries between urban light and rural darkness ; the muzzling of the Press ; the ubiquity of police control through the passport system ; and, above all, the astounding power of the priesthood—combine to impress the superficial observer with crushing hopelessness as to the prospects of organised revolt.

The distance between classes in Russia seems even greater than that between the extremities of the Empire.

On the one hand are seventy millions of people, walled in by systematised ignorance. On the other, is a superior educated class of, perhaps, a million, mostly connected by family relationship and interest with the governing section.

Between the enlightened aspirations of the few educated reformers and the dense stupidity of the mass of Calibans yawns an appalling gulf.

The Calibans, serfs of the landowners until a generation ago, and now the slaves of priests and army chiefs, have the habit of discipline and obedience deep-rooted in their moral nature. They constitute, to superficial appearance, a dumb and compact mass, helpless under the heel of a legion of functionaries, devoted to, and of

The Empire of the Tsar

infinite faith in, the Church and their "Little Father, the Tsar."

It is true that they sometimes find the burden unbearable, and break into wild ferment of discontent; but I am assured that in the villages no stronger appeasement of revolt is required than a visit and exhortation from the priest, who soon frightens them back into meek subservience. The only free-looking people I saw in the agricultural parts of Russia that I visited were a band of recklessly riding, wild gipsies, with a horde of equally wild horses. They were a lawless, dirty, and disorderly crowd; but they made refreshing contrast to the alms-begging, wretched, obsequious villagers.

In the industrial towns, where men and women work in the cotton mills for a wage of about twelve shillings a week, strikes occasionally break out. But the military quickly trample down all disaffection under their horses' hoofs.

The peasantry are living in the Middle Ages. Amongst the urban workers all knowledge, thought, and energy are systematically repressed by the Government. The newspapers are allowed to publish nothing except what the Government approves. All foreign papers are submitted to the Censorship, and every item of an enlightening tendency is blackened out.

Japan for a Week

The Tsar's own peace address, summoning the Hague Conference, was "censored" out of the Russian Press.

Everything that is printed must be submitted to the Censor, music as well as literature, visiting cards, announcements of funerals and weddings—everything.

A novelist who had dared to jest about the decoration of the seats in the Tsarkoe-Selo had his book suppressed on the ground that "the design of these seats had been honoured by the supreme approbation of the Tsar."

There doubtless are revolutionary forces at work in the Empire; but my information represents them as much weaker in numbers, and more divided in aim, than we are commonly led to believe.

I met one man who assured me that "all the educated classes were socialistic"; but when I questioned him as to the details of their Socialism, I found it evaporate into aspirations that would be enthusiastically backed by Mr. Balfour.

Another representative of discontent, a Finn, assured me that disaffection was very widespread—that Finland was eager for revolution; that the Baltic provinces (Kurland, Livonia, Esthonia) were extremely discontented; that the inhabitants of Siberia disclaimed the name of

The Empire of the Tsar

Russians, and proclaimed themselves "Siberians"; that all the little peoples assimilated by Russia, each possessing its own history, literature, and individuality, hungered for independence. But when I asked him whether any of these discontents inclined towards rebellion, he looked shocked and hastened hotly to repudiate the suggestion.

I had been told that French was very generally spoken in Russia; but, if I learned nothing else by my trip, I at least learned that that was not true. In one or two restaurants and in several shops I found my rusty old German fairly negotiable; but French never—or, at least, hardly ever.

The exception was the Russian lady in the Moscow train who knew a little French—just enough to make me understand that it was a piece of impertinence for English persons to travel in Russia without understanding the language.

She shared a sleeping compartment with the Cornish lady, and had bombarded that helpless and inoffensive Britisher with fierce questionings (in Russian) as to the arrangement of berths. The Cornish lady replied, as did Miss Pross to Madame Defarge, in sensible English. Then followed more Russian, more desperate English, impotent gesticulations on both sides, and, finally, an appeal

Japan for a Week

to me in the adjoining compartment to exercise my vaunted linguistic advantages.

When I entered upon the scene, trying hard to look hopeful of the consequences, both ladies were flushed, and each conveyed by symptoms unmistakable that she did not think much of the other.

I smiled uncomfortably, and shrugged my shoulders with a conciliatory expression.

At least, I meant it to be conciliatory ; but the expressiveness of shoulder shrugs is elusive.

I meant by that shrug to convey to the Russian lady that the Cornish lady was, so to speak, a poor thing, but mine own ; and to the Cornish lady I meant it to signify, " What can you expect from these foreigners ? "

But my intention must have miscarried. That part of the shrug which disparaged the Cornish lady must have reached *her* eye, and the Russian lady must have perceived nothing but the inflection which cheapened herself.

At any rate the Cornish lady demanded to know why I stood there pulling faces, instead of saying something ; and the other lady, in irate and voluble Russian, poured out such a flood of conversation as left me no room.

Russian, they say, is the most copious of living tongues. As many as two thousand derivatives

The Empire of the Tsar

may be formed from one single word. The Russian lady formed them all, and others also.

Until then I had marvelled at the remarkable number of people one met in the streets of Russian towns—especially women—with faces tied up as if for aching jaws. Now the wonder ceased.

Undaunted by previous discomfitures, I tried to answer the Russian lady in French. To my surprise she understood.

In that polite and diplomatic tongue, therefore, the apportionment of upper and lower berths was adjusted, and I prepared to bow my way out.

But the Russian lady was not satisfied.

“And why,” she demanded to know in a tone which in an English lady I should have thought rude, “why do you travel in Russia?”

“For the pleasure of seeing your great country, madame,” I diplomatically replied.

She sniffed. “And yet,” she continued, “you do not take the trouble first to learn our language.”

“It is so difficult, madame,” I answered apologetically.

“Yet you expect us to speak other languages for your convenience,” she retorted truculently.

“You Russians,” I answered, with exquisite

Japan for a Week

suavity, "are so much more clever in learning languages than we stupid Britishers."

Upon that I gracefully made my exit, leaving the other lady to reply in good blunt Cornish to any further remonstrances that might be proffered against the liberty we had taken in visiting the country.

Moscow and Piety

BACK in Moscow — barbaric, chaotic Moscow—with its six hundred hideous churches, its ubiquitous icons, its historic Kremlin, its Holy Synod, and its awful poverty. I discern no change in the city since I saw it last, except that within the Kremlin I find a holy lamp burning before a new icon in memory of the Grand Duke Sergius, blown to pieces on the spot by an anarchist's bomb ; and before the new icon I find an old woman, bent, decrepit, ragged, awful, praying to St. Sergius, sometime bully and butcher of the poor, to intercede with Heaven for relief to her misery.

The workers look, as aforetime, ill-fed, ill-housed, and ill-clothed. Their long hair is unkempt, cut straight round the neck, and parted in front like that of women. Their beards are neither cut nor trimmed. They nearly all affect top-boots—probably because of the muddiness of the country roads ; and wear their shirts outside their print trousers—probably to keep them clean.

Japan for a Week

One feels that they need more food, more soap, and less religion.

In startling opposition to the squalor of the poorer classes is the Bond Street splendour of the officers in red-encircled white peaked caps, dainty grey overcoats, and lustrous top-boots. These, as they swagger down the street, are the very personification of smartness.

Spick and span, too, but without swagger, similarly dressed, but without overcoats or ornament, the soldierly policemen stand ubiquitous and obliging in the middle of the street.

Then come the Asiatic types—sheepskin-hatted Cossacks ; bland and smooth Chinamen in gorgeous yellow silks ; rough-bearded, ragged mountaineers from Schamyl's country ; Kurds ; Armenians—most of these in loose garb of Asiatic form, and head-dresses more or less closely related to the fez or turban.

Conspicuous, too, and very numerous are the greasy priests gowned like rabbis, long-haired and bearded in evident imitation of the pictorial Jesus. I was more favourably impressed by the dandy officers.

Very "foreign" and Asiatic also are the fiery untamed droschky drivers, sheepskin-padded under their loose robes of weather-beaten blue, to the form and figure of Dutch-built market-women.

Moscow and Piety

Their wiry little long-tailed horses look as wild as their drivers, and both are washed with equal regularity—every time the driver gets a new Roger de Coverley hat, or a new droschky.

The latter is a widened Bath chair with the paint worn off, and the springs tied on with twine. Its survival through the jolts and upheavals of transit over the petrified kidneys with which the towns are paved, naturally does much to sustain the Russian faith in miracles.

Everybody drives in droschkies—I don't know why. Perhaps because they are frightened of the drivers. And no wonder. If you halt for so much as half a second by the kerb, some fifty-five or fifty-seven of these deteriorated pirates swoop down on you from fifty-five to fifty-seven points of the compass, like a charge of wild Tartars. And they *can* charge.

Droschky driving is the most adventurous amusement I have struck. Especially on a wet day. It then combines the charms of the switch-back and the water-chute. Only more so.

I am told that many people who have never been sick at sea have been sea-sick in droschkies. I, however, must have a proud stomach, for I did not get sick till I began visiting the churches. Then——

I found the gorgeous new cathedral completed,

Japan for a Week

with rich display of gold, precious jewels, silver caskets, and priceless altar pieces. Apart from pious gifts, which have been munificent, the cathedral has cost sixteen million roubles. Sixteen million roubles spent to the glory of God, while, outside, thousands of God's children are living in wretchedness, hunger, and tatters, and every month sees its batch of political prisoners marched off in chains to Siberia !

Nowhere on earth is to be seen so heterogeneous and barbaric a medley of multi-chromatic minarets, domes, and spires. Here Asia and Europe join hands in a fantastic cluster of coloured, onion-shaped cupolas suggestive of Indian pagodas ; isolated steeples giving evidence of Mohammedan inspiration ; Byzantine crests ; Roman and Ionic columns—mixed sometimes in the same indescribably grotesque edifice, with a perverse preponderance of classic peristyles whose horizontal lines and chaste contours, admirably suited to crown the promontories of Greece, are conspicuously misplaced (especially under maroon plaster and mortar) in sombre Russia.

The most eccentric and barbaric of the religious buildings is the cathedral of Basil the Happy, or of the Intercession of the Virgin. The world surely contains no building so fantastic. It is situated on a stiff slope of the river in a

Moscow and Piety

vast open space outside the Kremlin's principal gate. Words cannot convey any idea of this architectural monstrosity's aspect. It violates every notion of harmony and beauty. It is an artistic nightmare.

Conceive a huddle of eight churches of various heights and dimensions, crowned some with towers, and some with cupolas, surrounding a larger central church with a conical roof and a small cupola. Its twenty cupolas are of all shapes and sizes, and colours. The mass of the building is painted in blue and white stripes. The interior is a maze of little chapels gaudily gilt and painted, and connected by a bewildering series of doors and stairs. All day long, every day of the week, these tiny chapels, low-roofed caves dimly lighted with candles, are packed with worshippers, frequently crossing themselves, crawling on their knees, and tearfully kissing the feet of the painted saints.

Inside and out, it is an amazing spectacle. It is said that Ivan Vassiliévitch the Terrible, who built the cathedral to celebrate the taking of Kazan, was so pleased with the architect that he sent for him, thanked him profusely, rewarded him prodigally, and had his eyes gouged out that he might never build another edifice like it.

This last token of the Tsar's appreciation

probably annoyed the artist at the moment, but it may be hoped that he was eventually brought to see it in a proper light as a providential dispensation to be thankful for, if business compelled him to live where he might have seen his cathedral.

There is fascination in ugliness, no doubt ; and I confess that I found it difficult while in Moscow to unrivet my gaze from this dire and execratory ecclesiological gew-gaw. It haunted me. It appalled and terrorised my imagination. It sat upon my spirits like some awful nightmare.

This—a house of God ? This monumental charivari of designed discord and ordered disorder, with its gloomy labyrinth of painted dungeons—this a dwelling for the God who painted the sunset, the rose, and the butterfly ? What blasphemy !

There can be no benevolence in the religion that found expression in this monstrosity. Here is no suggestion of thanksgiving for Divine Love, but very manifest fear of Satanic malignancy. This violation of beauty and grace proclaims not piety, but terror.

More prepossessing, but not less emblematic, is the adjoining Kremlin, the shining crown of “White Mother Moscow,” the Mecca of the Greek Church.

Moscow and Piety

The Kremlin, or Citadel of Moscow, is as distinctively national to Russia as the Acropolis was to Athens or the Capitol to Rome. It is the National Monument, the militant and dominant symbol of the union of despotic Church and State, the embattled fortress of Celestial Tsardom and True Religion.

Picturesquely perched on an eminence by the riverside, the Kremlin dominates commercial Moscow—with its tortuous, ill-paved streets ; its wretched wooden houses ; its fifty per cent of utterly ignorant inhabitants, unable to read and write ; and its army of beggars—very like “a diamond crown upon a leprous head.”

It is a city within the city, girdled with white irregular walls, and battlements rising above battlements. The wall has twenty-one towers of every form—round, square, and pointed, and five gates miraculously protected by lamp-lit icons.

Close-packed within this enclosure—a space little larger than that occupied by the Temple and its gardens in London—stand three cathedrals, twelve churches, a chapel, two convents, a cluster of Imperial palaces, an arsenal, and an armoury !

Towers faced with glazed tiles ; metallic cupolas ; enamelled, gilded, azured, and silvered

Japan for a Week

domes ; enormous clumsy pillars ; pointed, pyramidical, and circular turrets ; belfries ; spires ; minarets ; walls glittering with “ sacred ” frescoes grotesquely painted on gaudy gilt—nowhere else in the world can such a barbaric jumble of architecture and decoration be seen.

And before each of the cathedrals, churches, chapels, convents, and miraculously protected gates, the passing people cross and prostrate themselves.

More people inside each of the churches, kneeling in the dim dungeons, on floors of jasper, agates, and cornelians, or devoutly kissing “ sainted ” images.

More crossing under each of the miraculously-protected gateways, every passer-by being commanded by Imperial ukase to uncover here, in recognition of various “ historic ” miracles performed by the lamp-lit Saviour’s image.

Outside the Kremlin, more churches in every street—one in form like the Alhambra, painted the colour of Reckitt’s blue. Next door but one another music-hally “ sacred ” edifice, decorated in emerald-green.

And in every street and square, so thickly sprinkled that a man might see three or four of them at once, little chapels, gaudily gilt booths, with kneeling crowds inside and out, crossing and

Moscow and Piety

crossing and crossing. "They regard crossing in the name of Jesus as having a wonderful and blessed influence."

There are holy pictures lighted with lamps in every restaurant, railway refreshment room and drinking-shop; and, I am assured, even in places too infamous to be named. And before each holy picture the passers-by make more or less devout obeisance, and the sign of the Cross three times repeated.

In Petersburg this astounding iconolatry is almost confined to the poorer people and the women. But in Moscow, everybody—everybody without exception—rich, poor, officer, milliner, schoolboy, beggar-girl, bricklayer and prince—appears to follow the pious fashion.

Passengers in droschkies will stop their carriages on approaching an iconolatrous shrine, alight with the customary obeisance, pay their devotions, and proceed with their drive, the driver having in the meantime diligently crossed and recrossed himself too. People passing on a wet day will put down their umbrellas to perform their pious gymnastics more devoutly in the rain. In a square, where three chapels were simultaneously visible, I have seen men, who looked full of business, pause in their haste to address leisurely worship to each of the three shrines in turn, and then

Japan for a Week

hurry faster than before to make up for lost time.

It is “wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.”

“Russia, thank God, has still a religion !” said a man in the train.

Is it faith or fear ? Piety or terror ?

As I ask myself the question, my mind recalls the cathedral of Basil the Blessed, in its likeness of a crouching dragon, with shining scales, paralysing glare, ever-open mouth, and cruel claws dug deep into the entrails of the country’s capital. It is the most significant allegorical thing I saw in Russia.

The builders of the cathedral expressed more than they knew. The hideous emblem of Supernatural Power fits in well with the obsequious peasantry and the filthy izbas of the villages where the faithful live and sleep pell-mell with the cows and pigs—bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, souls of their souls.

From the orderly well-being of Berlin to the chaotic misery of Moscow, what a distance and a contrast ! If the equal diffusion of wealth is, as it must be, the true ideal of good government, what a terrible indictment of the Tsar is presented by his capital city of Moscow !



A CHINESE VILLAGE GROUP

On the Trans-Siberian Railway

THE wheels have whirred and the car has jolted all day. The wheels whirred and the car jolted all night. Yesterday, too, the whirring of the wheels and the jolting of the car. For days beyond count the whirring of the wheels and the jolting of the car. It seems as if whirring and jolting were the essential order of things.

Except for the whirring and jolting, nothing happens all the time, except eating, sleeping, and the processional march of all the passengers up and down the platform at every stopping-place. Nobody misses the exercise parade. Led by Sir Claude MacDonald, our Ambassador in Japan, who is returning to his post, we stalk to and fro in a grim, stolid, British manner, till the station bell rings twice. Then we march back towards our carriages, and at the signal of three bells re-embark upon our steady progress eastward.

The stops occur some half a dozen times a day (always at large and prosperous-looking towns, whose names we have never heard before), and as these halts usually last from ten to twenty

Japan for a Week

minutes, we contrive to preserve our legs from atrophy and keep our figures within compass of the narrow carriage doors.

Between stations the corn-fields and corn-stacks stretch to the horizon on every side in immense uniformity. Now and then a forest breaks the monotony. Here and there a village of low brown huts huddles round a white church of many blue cupolas. The church looks spacious, opulent; the hovels of the people are scarcely to be distinguished from holes in the earth. Illimitable land, and yet no room to live! In the richest granary of Europe the people lack everything!

Their red shirts make bright patches of colour in the distance, but there is no enchantment in the nearer view. One sees them at the stations, packed in foul railway trucks or sleeping on the platforms on their sacks of worldly possessions, bearded, shaggy, unkempt, many of them pock-marked, with no gleam of hope or intelligence in their eyes, dumb, mirthless, and heavy as the cattle in the fields.

The types of them change as we proceed eastward. Cheek-bones grow more and more prominent as Russian merges gradually into Tartar and Tartar into Mongol, the transition marking gradual improvement in physique, in erectness of

On the Trans-Siberian Railway

bearing, in boldness, and smartness. The looks of stolid misery disappear; the world almost smiles again.

But we have not seen a well-dressed person, not a man or woman of seemingly "comfortable" condition, since we left Moscow, except—yes, I must not forget *them*—the medalled officer and the little, round, fat, oily Jew, of whom I caught a peep at a roadside station at six o'clock one morning. The officer, broad-chested, taciturn, brutal; the little Jew, sleek, glib, and very merry. The latter talking with profusion of gesture and grimace; the officer listening, and nodding assent. Around them the usual horrible beggars, and the usual tatterdemalions asleep on their bundles.

The Cattle and their drivers!

But apart from this glimpse of Authority, we have not seen a sign of the governing classes. In all these days, through all the waste of space, we have not detected one castle, one mansion, one villa; not one human habitation that would let for £20 a year in England.

Where are the owners of this vast wealth of herds and flocks and corn and timber? The yearly revenues of the lands we have traversed must amount to many millions. The peasants who till the soil evidently do not get those

Japan for a Week

millions. Who does ? By whom are they spent ? And where ?

It is notorious that the richest of the demi-mondaines in Paris and Monte Carlo are the "favourites" of Russian princes : and I think with a new light of their automobiles, their thoroughbreds, their diamonds, and their Champs Elysées "hotels," as I look at the bent and sad-faced men and women in the fields and the ragged sleepers in the stations.

On Saturday morning, after many hours' hard climbing, the train reached the summit of the Ural Mountains, and crossed the European border into Asia. Three days before, in Moscow, we were sweltering in the heat ; here on the hill-tops the cold was intense enough for snow.

A curiously cosmopolitan crowd we looked as we ran and stamped about the wind-swept platform and explored the adjoining village market, we English, American, German, French, and Japanese travellers, amongst alert, astra-khan-capped Tartars, stolid, impassive Central Asiatics, laughing Chinese, and grave, melancholy Russians, who stared at us as apparitions from another world.

One of our party took a photograph of a group of very poor and tattered, but very free and fearless-eyed Central Asiatics, and afterwards

On the Trans-Siberian Railway

held out a silver coin in acknowledgment of their courteous immovability ; but the haughty mountaineers looked fiercely disdainful, and not a man deigned to hold out his hand for the money. Yet the while the ubiquitous Russian beggars swarmed and clamoured all round us with their usual whining fluency : the sons of civilisation know more than the ignorant heathen, and are never too proud to take money.

Here, also, we saw a convoy of Siberian prisoners in closely-barred cages, on their journey to the mines—a broken, spiritless lot of wretches, with no inquiry in their eyes and no virility in their figures—cattle, human in shape, but only cattle.

As the good Little Father extends his dominion in Central Asia and spreads the benefits of his holy civilisation amongst the natives, will the erect and free-glancing mountaineers who spurned our English lucre come to look in time as “ civilised ” as these ? Or like the shackled political prisoners pictured in the Moscow Gallery—famished, frozen, frenzied, dying, under the callous conduct of a brutal official ?

From those horrors we are far removed in the fertile and pleasant Siberia traversed by the railway. Ours is the path of luxurious dalliance : our sumptuous sleeping-cars are agreeably heated ; the country outside affords a delightful panorama

Japan for a Week

of mountain, lake, dense fir forest, and rich, black, agricultural land.

For Siberia is vast beyond our circumscribed English conception of vastness : its area is greater than that of all the countries of Europe put together ; immeasurably greater than Canada or Australia ; and its climate comprises temperatures colder than that of the North Pole, as well as the temperate, English-like temperature of the beautiful regions through which we have been travelling continuously night and day for nearly a fortnight.

Nowhere in the world are the valleys more fair and fertile, the rivers more numerous or better fitted to navigation.

The second line from Moscow to Vladivostock is rapidly approaching completion, and several branch lines are under construction.

An enormous stream of colonists is steadily marching into the country.

In 1909 no fewer than 688,194 persons travelled through Chelyabinsk, the principal emigration centre, on their way to the fat wheat lands of the East. Land is in such abundance that no less than 20,000,000 acres were placed at their disposal, or about 1000 acres per family.

To make communication more easy between the scattered colonies the Government opened

On the Trans-Siberian Railway

about 1700 miles of new roads at a cost of £232,500, and dug out 1645 wells for the irrigation of 14,000,000 acres.

When these immense spaces become peopled as Europe is, what a power Russia will be ! If the Government were to abandon the plan of driving its best subjects into exile in frozen northern wilds, what a source of prosperity and happiness to the human race might Siberia be even now !

What the country needs is more population and—more seaboard. Vladivostock, the only port, is frost-bound from November to March. Trade is at a standstill and Labour starves. That is the reason which sent Russia to Port Arthur. That is the reason which prolongs her occupation of Manchuria and presses her southward to the open sea in despite of treaties of peace. That is the reason which prompts the hasty construction of the second Trans-Siberian line and fills men's minds with fear for the future.

Vladivostock is not much of a town yet, but it is evidently developing fast. It is the largest, most sheltered, and best protected harbour I have seen. It is finer than Queenstown ; Courtneidge says it is finer than Sydney. Its entrance is, as it were, "corked" by an island bluff ; it winds into many coves and convolutions ; it is backed

Japan for a Week

by steep hills, behind which rise rings of higher hills, every one a natural fortress. And there is room apparently for all the ships on the sea.

The Japanese paid tacit homage to its impregnability in the late war, and made no more than a feint of attack. If ever Vladivostock is captured it must be by land—or air. No hostile power will ever enter its gates by the sea.

Yet, naturally, Russia is not content. A port that is frost-bound for five months in the year will not suffice for the development of a vast and fertile country like Siberia. Russia, therefore, will leave no means untried to secure more seaboard.

There is a big kettle of trouble simmering in the Far East, and when the kettle bursts, England, now sitting on the lid as the ally of Japan and friend of Russia, will no longer be sitting on the lid.

Unless, as now seems possible, Japan and Russia combine forces to take it out of China. Anybody can take it out of China. It is a vast country with an uncountable population; but, as one of our Japanese passengers remarked, "there is no patriotism in China." That is why, despite the war and the treaty, we found Russian troops still in occupation of Manchuria. They remain, it is

On the Trans-Siberian Railway

said, "to protect the railway"; but they remain, obviously, in command of the country.

A nation without patriotism is like a man without self-respect. Such a man is everybody's slave; such a nation's people are hewers of wood and drawers of water to all nations.

First Glimpse of Japan

THE world grows all alike. A hundred or two hundred years hence the only remaining distinctions of dress and social usage will be those arising from differences of class and climate. The Esquimaux seal-hunter will incline to thicker overcoats than the Kanaka beach-comber; but the Yokohama millionaire will be just as prone to pick his teeth with his fork as his congener of Widnes or Wigan, and in all outward semblances these two will differ less from each other than from the useful members of their own country's population.

There was more difference of aspect, sentiment, mode of life, and even language, between Cornish fisherman and Tyneside collier a hundred years ago than is now discoverable between Cockney and Californian.

Picturesque local eccentricity of garb or custom survives only on the tourist track, in the museum, on the picture postcard, and in musical comedy.

The patriotism of kilt and sporran finds its last unyielding upholders in week-end High-



JAPANESE COSTUMES

First Glimpse of Japan

anders from Manchester and Birmingham ; the true Dutch type that Teniers painted is preserved in native purity at Canvey Island for the exclusive benefit of Southend trippers ; and the distinctive picturesqueness of cowboy, Boer, Zulu, and the Last of the Mohicans remains primitive and unadulterated only in the booth at the fair and in the music-hall. National characteristics elsewhere are merging into international similarities.

Steam and electricity have compressed the globe, and collated its experience, whence human wisdom is deducing a cosmopolitan uniformity of greatest general convenience. Evolution has nearly wiped out the differences that set tribes against tribes, and she has little use left for differences and antagonisms of nationality. When the experience of the race has at last fixed on the best religion and the best government, Competition will have dreed its weird, and the world may begin to be ripe for Brotherhood. *When !*

Of course, it seems a long way off, but—this is my one confident conviction—*it's all right*. People who wear the same clothes, eat the same food, make themselves ill with the same patent medicines, and allow themselves to be imposed on by the same pretentious humbugs and impostors, are bound in time to think the same

Japan for a Week

philosophy. Indeed, if they would only use the same language——

But “of that,” as the ancient dramatists used to say, “more anon.”

Japan, like the rest of the world, is being Europeanised rapidly. Our introduction to the vaunted charm and delicacy and beauty of the country took place on the two days’ crossing of the Sea of Japan from Vladivostock to Tsuruga, and it was not propitious.

For the first Japanese people we met were a party of jockeys, bookmakers, and racing sharps. Betting having been prohibited by the Government of their own country, these gentlemen are diverting their gifts, it appears, to the service of their country’s former enemies. Russian officers are notoriously not averse from gambling; indeed, I am assured that in the long winters at Vladivostock their devotion to baccarat and roulette occasionally leads them to neglect their military duty, and even their icons, but the latter part of this charge is probably a libel.

At any rate, while summer lasts, racing in Vladivostock is frequent and free; and so it came to pass that the good ship *Mongolia*, of the Russian Volunteer Fleet, carried amongst its passengers a large number of Japanese followers and professors of the sport of kings.

First Glimpse of Japan

Shade of Lafcadio Hearn ! that thou hadst seen our rugged-visaged Japanese bookmaker garbed in a kimono of many colours and a three days' beard, lying lurid and cadaverous in a deck chair, waiting, waiting, waiting for the imminent deadly crisis of mal-de-mer !

Four of them wore kimonos. Six wore "ikey" reach-me-downs. Another wore wooden pattens, a bowler hat, and a pocket-handkerchief. And their manners—oh, Mr. Hearn !

From St. Francis Xavier, who declared in 1551 that "this nation is the delight of my soul," to Lafcadio Hearn, who declared that "Japan appears the most extraordinary country in the world," there has been only one opinion amongst our writers as to the charm of the country and the natural politeness and refinement of its people. Sir Edwin Arnold rhapsodised about "the land of gentle manners and fantastic arts." W. G. Aston described the people as "brave, courteous, light-hearted." Chamberlain, A. B. Mitford, Arthur Diósy, Douglas Sladen, Mortimer Menpes, Herbage Edwards, Hy. Norman, Herbert Ponting, and a host of others have laid their tribute of rapture at the shrine of the Rising Sun.

Instead of which—oh, it was cruel ! To be sighing for dainty mousmés, and to find Old Beeswax sea-sick in a kimono !

Japan for a Week

Those of our English passengers who had lived long in the East assured me that my first impressions would be confirmed by fuller knowledge. Sir Claude MacDonald, on the other hand, echoed the literary verdict, declaring that we should find the Japanese "a delightful little people." To this the British traders retorted that our Ambassador is hopelessly biassed, and that he acts as an officer and servant of the Japanese rather than of his own people. This divergence between the literary and commercial view of Japan and its people strikes one continuously in travelling through the East. It puzzled and troubled me at first, but I think I reached fruitful understanding before many days, as I will try to show in later chapters on Japanese commercial morality, politeness, and art.

Our first impressions, as I have said, were unpleasant. The next were all delight.

The dawn was breaking as we woke to find ourselves in Japan. I fell into some clothes and ramped to the deck. Rapture! It *was* Japan!

Was it true or did I fancy that the hills surrounding the harbour, and the clouds in the sky, were more crinkly and vague and softer than hills and clouds at home? Did the gulls fly as in England or were they lighter on the wing? Was

First Glimpse of Japan

their colour the same, or were the soft, grey tips of their wings distinctively Japanese ?

There was a packet at the side of the ship, and there was a Japanese sailor, bare-legged and bare-footed, standing by his little craft with a boat-hook. There was no mistake about him. His pose was one that I had seen nowhere except in Japanese pictures : it was out of drawing, it was impossible, it was Japanese.

For the rest of that exquisite day we revelled in the discovery of pure Japan—the true, unspoiled land of Hearn, Loti, and Chamberlain ; the land of kimonos and rickshaws, of mousmé and cicada, the sensuous East of dreams and enchantment.

Except the soldiers, we did not see fifty men in European dress, and not one woman. We did not see a motor-car, a music-hall, nor even a copy of the *Daily Mail*. The streets were not ten feet wide, there were no horses, the shops were Oriental bazaars, the houses consisted chiefly of sliding paper screens, the children carried on the backs of the women and little girls were preposterously like the Japanese dolls we buy at Liberty's, the old women's teeth were blackened, they still smoked their silly little pipes, the men wore mushroom hats and sat on their heels, and the black-haired, giggling little maidens waddled and

Japan for a Week

wriggled even more fascinatingly than in Gilbert's opera, the pretty prattle of their tongues and the clickle-clackle of their wooden pattens making merry music in the streets.

Praise to Buddha, we had come in time ! Civilisation had not spoiled the country completely.

The new port of Tsuruga, where we landed, with its two narrow streets of odd little stalls with hanging inscriptions, immediately realised and satisfied our fondest hopes. It was more quaint, more vividly "foreign," than anything the books and pictures had led us to expect. It expressed at once to the senses the incomprehensible magic and vague charm of Japanese art.

The landscapes we passed in our four hours' railway ride to Kyoto were equally satisfying. Rice-fields, which my inexperienced eye would not have distinguished from corn-fields, fill the narrow valleys between mountains which look like petrified streams of volcanic lava. The fields are divided into diminutive patches by low hedges of large leaves no higher than the rice stalks, in which plentifully occurs a red flower unknown to my limited botany, vividly decorative in effect. Between fields occur plantations of maple, pine, palm, and bamboo, still wearing their untarnished summer hues at the end of September. Large and small lakes, rivers, and mountain torrents, all

First Glimpse of Japan

of clean transparency, variegated the view. Villages of quaint wooden houses and narrow streets, tip-tilted timber torii, and ancient shrines and temples, make picturesque variety at every stage of our progress. The landscape never wearies with sameness.

Everything looks clean, fertile, prosperous, and strange. That is the wonder of it. The trees are bent and twisted into shapes all unfamiliar. The temples are shaped by ideals foreign to the architects of Europe. The villages are bizarre beyond any comparison I can think of. Trees, rocks, mountains, and even skies, show an irregularity of form and softness of outline that I can only describe by the one word—Japanese. That is the pith of the marvel we found in this southern part of the country : Japan was Japanese.

The Seamy Side at Kyoto

AFTER three days the mingled bouquet of *passé* fish and incense with which the atmosphere of Kyoto is somewhat excessively embalmed made us begin to gasp for fresh air and perfumes new.

Besides, after the delight of the first surprise, I had begun to think ; and, in this ill-ordered old world, thinking leads to trouble.

I had visited the workshops where the most exquisite cloisonné and metal work of Japan is produced, the most minutely artistic work of its kind the world can show ; and though I had not failed to notice the miniature gardens in the central courtyards about which certain English writers have poetically gushed, I had also noticed the ill-fed and tired looks of the clever craftsmen, and had been led to wonder what other reward besides the provision of miniature gardens they obtained for their toil, and how many hours a day they were privileged to spend in the contemplation thereof.

In one case when I bought something that required attention, the dealer assured me that his

The Seamy Side at Kyoto

workmen should do it at *four o'clock in the morning*. Yet, on every day, including Sunday, I saw men still working as I passed through the town at ten and eleven at night, and when we reached the luxurious seclusion of the Miyako Hotel the knowledge of this fact somehow detracted from the balmy suavity of the moonlit landscape. The sonorous charm of the grasshopper's never-ending song took on a note of sadness when I looked down on the lights still burning in the picturesque workshops of the poetic writers' raptures.

The wrinkled, mummified, old, old faces and bent backs of the old people in the streets had begun, too, to prey upon my imagination. There appeared to be no middle-aged people in Japan. From the chattering, light-hearted, sturdy young rickshaw boys and giggling waitresses of the hotel, Japanese humanity seemed to drop in one sudden débacle to senility and decrepitude.

The workers here evidently cannot become "too old at forty," for none of them seem to attain to that age; those that have passed twenty, especially the women, look about a hundred. 81

There are no rags, but there is no manifest sign of comfort. The quaint wooden shanties, when their quaintness has ceased from charming, appear little better than hovels. They contain, for the most part, only one small room in addition to

Japan for a Week

that devoted to trade. They all swarm with children. Where do the children sleep? and how?

In the daytime the babies are carried about on the bent backs of their sisters, and sometimes the burden looks as heavy as the bearer. And though one laughs at first sight of these babies helplessly wagging their sleepy heads behind the shoulders of tiny tots little bigger than themselves, closer inspection discovers many ugly scabs and sores on heads and faces, or symptoms of ophthalmia in the eyes.

Kyoto is one of the oldest towns in the Empire, and was until recently the seat of the Mikado's rule. It possesses 700 Buddhist temples, and I do not know how many Shinto shrines, as there were a few we did not visit. Many of these timber edifices are massive and impressive structures, and the interiors afford a feast of subdued colour and graceful form.

They serve as museums as well as places of worship, for their many chambers are lined with the paintings of famous artists, one of which, we were told, had been presented by "the Emperor of America." The chancels are gorgeously decorated in curiously-wrought gold carvings and gilt trellised doors. The religious ceremony is performed several times daily by shrivelled and shaven



MOUSMÉ WITH BABY



IN THE MIYAKO HOTEL : KYOTO

The Seamy Side at Kyoto

priests, who chant monotonous dirges through their noses, to the weirdly formal accompaniment of various metallic instruments with the tone of blacksmiths' anvils.

The solemn conventionality of the service tempts the ribald to ridicule, but the most irreverent of scoffers must feel chastened by the quiet beauty of the surrounding holy groves, with their customary lotus ponds and hump-backed bridges, their artistically-arranged rockeries, and their climbing thickets of palm, pine, and bamboo.

By way of contrast to the temples, we tried a Japanese dinner with incidental entertainment by the far-famed and much-belauded Geisha.

The restaurant to which we were recommended as the best in Kyoto must have borrowed its ideal of festivity from some popular and deserving mausoleum, whose gaiety the Western mind is incompetent to grasp. The entrance through sliding wooden panels is suggestive of entrance to a dark and surreptitious opium den. Each party is served in a separate room, gloomy of light and utterly destitute of furniture, except for the mats on which the revellers are compelled to kneel throughout the function. The banquet consists of some dozen unappetising messes of fish and pickles and rice, served all at once in as many tiny dishes.

Japan for a Week

After we had spilled a sufficiency of assorted food-stuffs over our clothes with the aid of the elusive chop-sticks, the fascinating Geisha, eight in number, began their world-renowned performance. Four unhappy, elderly spinsters twanged the more or less gay guitar of the country, with the same effect upon themselves, apparently, that such music might have produced upon a self-respecting dog, for it moved them to lift up their voices in most melancholy dissonance.

While these four distressful virgins shrilly moaned their woes, the other four, mere children, attired in bright dresses, postured and twisted with the haughty affectation and artificiality of the British chorus-girl.

Alas, there perished my most cherished illusion !

We were told afterwards that if our party had not included ladies, the Geisha would have been more lively.

Be that as it may, I can swear that if our party had included ghosts, the Geisha could not have been more depressing.

We have begun to notice that Kyoto has many factory chimneys belching obscene smoke. We have been deeply pained by glimpses—from which we have fled as fast as our rickshaw men could carry us—of a villainously incongruous tramway. We have seen a few boys in kimonos

The Seamy Side at Kyoto

and pot hats riding bicycles. We have been annoyed by vile American advertisements defacing the sides of majestic mountains. Also, as the Cornish lady plaintively repeated with damnable iteration, "there is always the smell."

"All is not gold that glitters," and all that is picturesque is not necessarily healthy. Travellers in search of Japanese quaintness must not remain too long in one place.

We took train for the capital.

In the Train

THE conviction that one may remain too long in one place was confirmed by our journey to Tokyo; for Japanese trains are slow, primitive, and ill-suited to the enjoyment of an eleven hours' journey.

The first-class carriages are shaped like an English tramcar; and as the passengers, with boots off, sit or lie (the natives bring their blankets and spread themselves), they face each other across a space decorated with commodious spittoons, whose function, alas, is not exclusively decorative; for though France and America have appropriated the cock and the eagle as emblems of freedom, the Japanese may rightfully claim to make even more free with the hawk.

There are other little practices in regard to which the people, women as well as men, exercise a freedom, over which, if I were an artist, I would frequently draw a veil.

But while daylight lasts the scenery makes up for many drawbacks. The train passes through a fertile land backed by low volcanic hills. Behind these rise higher hills, amongst which, sud-

In the Train

denly, we catch a glimpse over the clouds of one solitary round-topped giant, supremely pre-eminent over all; and we realise with a start that we are looking at the sacred mountain, the grandiose Fuji, celebrated in Japanese art and fable. A moment later the rising mists have enveloped the summit, and though we strain our eyes to catch another glimpse, our view of Fuji remains—if I may say so without indelicacy—a fugitive memory.

Still, there is much to interest us. The scenery is delightfully varied and the eye never has time to weary.

There are girls working waist-deep in the water of the irrigation ditches, while a man, comfortably standing on the dry soil under shelter of an umbrella, exercises the prerogative of his superiority by directing their labour.

Other men, naked as savages, dig with a weird spade, whose sharp wooden edge surely penetrates more than three spits deep, while the top of the handle reaches high over his head.

There are rubber trees, palm trees, fig trees, and trees laden with oranges. There are small but hardy Chinese sugar canes, and presently we come to rows and clumps of bushes resembling our English edges of box, but which we learn to be plantations of tea.

Japan for a Week

The guard, who affords us much information by the way, is exceedingly interested in us. He stands by the side of me on the platform, and laughingly points out that the top of his head—he is of more than average size for a Japanese—barely reaches my shoulders. “Me big,” he says, in his quaint English, “but you more much big.”

He is, like all the Japanese we met, amazingly polite. When he comes round to examine tickets, he begins by standing at the end of the car, takes off his cap to the honourable assembly, bows to the ground, rubs his knees with his hands, draws in his breath audibly, and delivers himself of an announcement in Japanese which I imaginatively translate as follows :

“Your most honourable excellencies and most augustly-deigning-to-be-pleased ones, I hope you will pardon this most dirty, this most filthy creature of mud for having been born into this world to ask you most gracious, most beneficent, and most superior ones, to show your augustly blessed tickets ; after which I beg you will honourably deign to grind and crush me, who am but as a snail of the soil, beneath your kindly sandals.”

And the passengers, ceasing for a moment from shovelling gulps of rice into their august interiors with chop-sticks, bow profoundly in return, rub their knees with their hands, suck in their breaths

In the Train

with the peculiar whistling sound which is the special expression of a Japanese greeting, fumble amongst their loose layers of clothes, and ultimately produce their honourable tickets. After which there is more bowing on both sides, and the guard, still bowing, vanishes.

A few minutes later the gloom of our carriage—dimly lighted with obsolete oil lamps—is relieved by the glare of electric lights, the train stops, and we step out amidst the noisily touting rickshaw men of Yokohama.

Here we sleep one night, drive round next morning, find the palatial offices of English banks and American insurance companies and the residences of the European merchants very modern and “suburban,” and hastily push on to Tokyo.

The Tea-house at Tokyo

IT has been remarked that happenings of greatest import may spring from causes apparently trifling.

The truth of this remark is now no longer to be questioned, for it is a fact that my first sensations of delight on reaching Japan might never have been conveyed to the grateful eye of posterity but for the circumstance of our landing at Tsuruga instead of Yokohama.

Had we approached Japan by the beaten way of European and American custom, our first impressions would have been derived not from Kyoto the ancient, but from Tokyo the modern ; with the result that we would have incontinently returned by the quickest route to Shaftesbury Avenue.

The same letters that spell the name of Japan's ancient capital also spell the name of her new metropolis ; yet there is a difference in the spell that cannot be denoted by any letters, not even mine.

Kyoto is a relic of old Japan, tainted but not yet spoiled by "Progress." It wears its new

The Tea-house at Tokyo

factory chimneys furtively ; hiding them behind the glamour of solemn temples, hoary shrines, majestic hills, mysterious woods, and rich profusion of artistic treasures.

Tokyo, on the contrary, hides its lingering charms and flaunts its chimneys. Its narrow streets are not survivals of an old-time civilisation, but simply slums.

It has wide, spacious thoroughfares, too, and great American stores with plate-glass windows, and Government buildings of new red brick all in a row, and statues of the latest politicians, if you please, sculptured Japanese pigmies in preposterous trousers and frock-coats. These are Tokyo's modern improvements on Kano and Hokusai ; these statues of squat political pigmies in trousers are the newest substitutes for the blossoms and flying storks and swallows that we have been used to associate with Japanese art.

We came to seek the capital of fairyland and discovered an Oriental Manchester. We looked for chrysanthemums and found ironworks. We sighed for tripping mousmés dressed like the butterfly under aureoles of painted delight, and saw grotesque little gents in black frock-coats down to the knees and bowler hats down to the upper lip, shuffling along to business under fat black cotton gingham.

Japan for a Week

Instead of the gracefully drooping wistaria of the pictures, the pagoda perched in the clouds, the hillside temple peeping through palms and pines, we encountered dense avenues of telegraph poles sheltering swarms of clattering tram-cars under their heavy network of wires. And after one day of bitter disenchantment, we shook the dust of Tokyo from our feet.

Yet, like the curate's egg, Tokyo has spots. As a bawd in tawdry cast-off finery may yet betray glimpses of native grace and charm, so the capital of Japan reveals here and there under her frowsy, borrowed pretentiousness, remnants of that old-time beauty made familiar to European eyes by the delicate colouring of lacquer, porcelain, and rice paper.

We came upon a lotus pond under a deep avenue of pines, surrounded by a stone balustrade of bizarre design and crossed by an ancient Willow Pattern bridge. On the bridge, feeding the drowsy tortoises and greedy goldfish, stood a pretty girl with red roses in her shining black hair under the shade of a blue umbrella garlanded with red butterflies.

The picture was perfect, and three cameras were hastily adjusted to take snapshots at the opportunity, when suddenly the languid summer



A VIEW IN TOKYO

The Tea-house at Tokyo

air was torn by the violent blare of a cornet and the thumping of a drum.

Three cameras dropped in listless hands as three disconcerted amateur photographers wheeled round in wonder and dismay. It was a Salvation Army meeting !

Immediately behind us, unperceived till then, the Blood and Fire Brigade bellowed and ranted. Japanese " officers " in the familiar dark cap with red ribbon and letter " S " on their coat collars frantically prayed and bellowed in the old, familiar, fanatical way. It was all as English as the gin palaces. The only feature lacking to complete the discord was the hallelujah lass ; the mousmé, it happily appears, has not yet taken to hiding her shining raven hair and pretty combs under the hallelujah hat.

The Salvation Army is much in evidence. In Kyoto I had seen a prosperous Salvation meeting held in the midst of a religious festival at an ancient Shinto shrine, and an Englishwoman in Salvation garb constantly haunted the corridors of our Kyoto hotel harassing the visitors for contributions.

Even at the theatre, in the pathetic scene of a weird melodrama, we found an irruption of Salvation Army officers to bring comfort, as we surmised, to a Japanese convict.

Japan for a Week

How the blatant methods of the Salvation Army have come to take root amongst the mystical rites of Japanese spirituality is a mystery ; I record the phenomenon, and leave the leisurely philosophers to expound and fructify.

Undermined by the Salvation meeting, we hurriedly returned to our rickshaws and demanded to be propelled to the nearest tea-house for needful recuperation. And there, happily, the percentage of our content was restored by an exquisite realisation of all that the books had led us to expect.

Three demure little maids standing on the threshold fell to their knees and bobbed their flat noses to the floor in respectful salutation as we approached. Deftly and quickly they slipped clean woollen covers over our dusty boots, and glidingly led the way through rooms of softly-sliding paper partitions, what time other mousmés, after peeping slyly at the handsome foreign devils from behind other partitions, incontinently disappeared with giggles.

From end to end of the series of rooms there was nothing to be seen—absolutely nothing—except the spotless straw mats on the floor, the paper walls, and in each section the beautifully-arranged stand of chrysanthemums.

There was no furniture—not a sideboard,

The Tea-house at Tokyo

cabinet, chiffonier, table, or chair—absolutely nothing but the straw mats and the paper walls.

Outside, a wonderful miniature garden, a miniature lake, with miniature torrents and waterfalls, miniature crags and rocks crowned with a miniature dragon, and, of course, a plantation of the ubiquitous Japanese dwarf trees.

The preciousness of this doll's-house landscape had created a perfect illusion, till three spotlessly white storks majestically stepped on the edge of the miniature lake. They were the only real things in the picture, and utterly destroyed its reality.

Having selected a section of the vast room for our entertainment, we were secluded by a shifting of the noiseless paper partitions, cushions were placed on the floor for our accommodation, giggling mousmés produced tea and multi-coloured rice-cakes, and, like a row of extra-sized Buddhas, we knelt on our cushions to partake of refreshment face to face with three attendant little maids.

The mousmés kneel in the most obsequious postures, but regard our efforts to look happy under the influence of pins and needles and cramp in the calf with giggles which belie the respectfulness of their attitudes.

The charge for the tea was one shilling per head. It was cheap, but I think the mousmés got more fun for the money.

Japan for a Week

Of course, we visited the Yoshiwara, one of the greatest wonders and horrors of the world. The Yoshiwara, as you have probably read, is the prostitution quarter of Tokyo, a district of many streets enclosed within wooden walls, where women, caged behind bars like wild beasts at the Zoo, sit in rows under the glare of the electric light waiting to be hired.

Piccadilly Circus at midnight is an awful sight to see, but Piccadilly Circus at midnight cannot compare in awfulness with the Yoshiwara at Tokyo.

Those painted women, waiting, like beasts behind the bars of their cages, presented prostitution in a light that will make me shudder when I think of it as long as I live.

I hurried through the brilliantly-lighted and crowded streets as fast as my leering and grinning guide would allow, and breathed a deep sigh of relief when I got out.

Next morning we rose early and took train for Nikko.

The Temples of Old Nikko

FOR twenty miles before reaching Nikko the high road stretches through an avenue of gigantic cedars, sombre and cold as a tunnel. For twenty miles the stately cryptomerias lift their pillars to an invisible sky between walls of serried foliage. Thus was the majestic way designed many centuries ago as an approach of fitting solemnity for the great Shogun's funeral procession to the shrine of the soul of Japan.

Through the dusk of these miles of vaulted verdure the pilgrims from all parts of the country tramp unceasingly to pay their devotions at the tomb of the great Iyeyasu.

In white pilgrims' gowns with wide sleeves and immense hats; in grey cotton kimonos thriftily tucked into the waistbelt, revealing elderly bandy legs in white cotton drawers; in straw-thatched rain coats and thatched straw mushroom hats; in wonderfully embroidered kimonos and papilionaceous shot silk obis, the multifarious pilgrims come.

Through the thick-set avenue of giant pine

Japan for a Week

trees, so closely clustered in many cases that two and three trees have become merged into one widespread trunk, the unending pious procession of princes, priests, and peasants; school children in swarms; spectacled students; wrinkled, little, old, brown men and women with shaven skulls; and always the dainty little dark-haired mousmés, shod in clattering gheta, toddle, and waddle, and ride all the year round to the wonderful temples of the Mecca of Japan.

Here and there, almost buried in the deep shadow of the cryptomerias, are hamlets of huts, native inns, general stores, tea-houses, each a mere platform with sliding paper panels under a thatched roof propped by pine or bamboo corner-posts.

What privacy or comfort there can be in these dwellings, and where on earth the master of the house keeps his collar stud when he is not wearing it, are dark and inscrutable problems that constantly exercise and baffle my curious cogitation.

The town of Nikko itself is a long, steep, and irregular street of ramshackle stalls, devoted to the sale of trinkets, curios, pious mementoes, and furs of monkeys and wild cats caught in the Sacred Mountain; but however mean and ramshackle the dwelling, the observant wayfarer may always catch a glimpse behind it of a carefully-

The Temples of Old Nikko

nurtured miniature garden, with toy trees, toy rockeries, and toy bridges spanning toy lakes and rivers. Some of these gardens are of exquisite design and beauty and must cost infinite labour to lay out and maintain ; yet behind paltry little sheds, that no self-respecting English workman would accept as a dwelling, these gardens lie hidden from the casual passer-by—an impressive and ubiquitous testimony to the innate æsthetic sense and artistic genius of the Japanese populace.

The population of Nikko, who produce and tend these beautiful gardens, are highwaymen of a polite and affable type, who lurk in ambush throughout the day, darting out upon the approach of pilgrims to lure them to their stalls.

But after we had spent three days in Nikko, the brigands had become cured of this predatory propensity ; for our party included, as I have mentioned, a certain brisk, sharp-tongued little Cornish lady of my near acquaintance, whose method of dealing with the raiders proved curiously dissuasive and devastating.

She never declined their invitations. She never refused to look at anything. She complacently inspected and rummaged all the treasures that were shown to her and serenely listened to all the pirates' praise of their artistic worth.

Japan for a Week

Then, when their English vocabulary was absolutely exhausted, she would nonchalantly ask :
“ How much ? ”

“ Ah, it is very costly this, eh ? What you think ? Very good, fine, yes, yes, ha, ha. How much you give ? ”

Whereunto her invariable answer was “ Four-pence.”

The Japanese are a patient people. They stood it for two days. But on the third day, when they saw her coming, they reversed their hereditary tactics, and instead of rushing out to waylay her, they would dart from their ambush with incredible haste to the deepest fastnesses of their mountain forests.

By such and many other ways are the blessings and advantages of Brixton and Southend civilisation being brought gradually home to the knowledge and improvement of ignorant heathen peoples.

.
At the top of the street of Nikko, one begins to be aware of a sound of rushing waters. A few steps more and the last of the paltry booths is passed.

Then the wonder begins. In the foreground is a mountain torrent raging through a deep green gorge. The stream is spanned by two high-

The Temples of Old Nikko

backed bridges, one of granite for mere pilgrims and globe-trotters, the other a marvel of grace and lightness and brilliant red lacquer reserved for the exclusive use of the Son of Heaven, the Emperor.

It is solid as a rock, and built in rock ; but its vivid colouring and finely-chiselled bronze locks and chains give it an air of belonging to the State Room of a splendid palace.

You, reading this clumsy description of it, must needs think that this drawing-room ornament looks out of place in so wild and rugged a setting. But such was the art of the magicians who designed and executed this marvel that no thought of incongruity is suggested as one beholds its actual loveliness. In its luxurious beauty as it stands, it seems perfectly right, perfectly artistic, and perfectly natural.

On the far side of the bridge the avenue of cryptomerias, interrupted by the street of shops, resumes its stately way up the Sacred Mountain.

A hundred yards of leafy tunnel, then, with a bold and sudden sweep, the avenue broadens into a wide, open space with a fence of blood-red lacquer.

We pass through the first granite tori, from which a titanic flight of steps leads to the first courtyard.

Japan for a Week

Here is the stable of the Sacred Horse which begs for coppers with its foot, and therewith obtains dainties from a box in the manner of the elephant in the London Zoo.

Here, too, is the library of the 6771 Sutras of the Buddhist Scriptures, which no one is, happily, condemned to read, but which impart just as much merit to the worshipper who turns them three times on the axis of the pivot that supports them.

Stable, library, and miscellaneous outhouses are of an architecture rich and rare beyond description, and decorated to bewildering profusion with jewelled gems of carving.

We ascend more stairs between coloured friezes of carved wood, to a second courtyard apparently walled in with bronze lanterns innumerable, and gilded carvings.

More stairs to a double gateway of cream-white lacquer.

Then the white Chinese gate adorned with medallions of glittering brass.

Then *the* Temple—a temple without colour except in the yellow matting of its floor. But its walls of unstained wood are like walls of lace-work, for artists of a cunning without equal in the world's history have lavished here in a wild prodigality of imagination carved semblances of

The Temples of Old Nikko

all the beasts in the Revelation and legions of other monsters that no fancy but theirs ever dreamt of.

And everywhere in the thickets of cedars are other temples and shrines—temples of red and black lacquer with silk vellum hangings ; temples of gold lacquer ; torii, kiosks, and pagodas with corner lotus bells ; doors with marvellously-chiselled locks of gold ; carvings ; picture panels. Everywhere the walls and eaves and gateways bristle with painted, carved, sculptured, moulded, and curiously wrought presentments in enamel, lacquer, bronze, cloisonné, jade, sapphire, and gold, blood-red gold, green gold, yellow gold ; dragons, threatening griffins, serpents, monkeys, celestial dogs, the god with eleven faces and a thousand arms, the god with horse's head, gods with faces grinning and horrible, chimeras beyond count or description—every variety of splendour that wealth and art without stint or limit could gather together in one place. And then——

Then the pilgrim is directed up a long, steep stair of plain granite, which climbs gradually above this city of shrines and temples, above the tops of the tall cedars—a stair which it took thirteen years to quarry out of the mountain rock.

On the summit, amongst the moss and lichens, under the dark shadow of still higher rows of

Japan for a Week

pinces, there is a door of bronze marked with a Sanscrit inscription in gold, and beyond the door is a small space surrounded by a low stone wall; and there, under an oddly-shaped object in bronze the visitor sees a sort of domed box with a vague suggestion in its form of a crouching beast. This is the grave of the great Shogun.

The trickling of the water from the surrounding rocks, the faint sound of distant waterfalls, the everlasting creak of the cicada, the muffled beats of the praying-drums, and the vibrations of the bronze hour bell below, are the only sounds that reach the Shogun's rest. He sleeps in the solemn silence of the Sacred Mountain.

After the studied preparation of twenty miles of cryptomerias, the sumptuous lacquer bridge, the riotous profusion of carved and sculptured magnificence in the forest of mighty shrines, the simplicity of this tomb is surely the most awe-impressing spectacle in the world.

Yet somebody has said that Japan is a land of pigmies with dollikin conceptions and ideals in art and poetry.

And the man who said it is of the race which conceived Napoleon's gaudy tomb in Paris!

Nikko, as we saw it, is the crowning artistic glory of a people who have worshipped beauty and popularised art beyond any nation since the days



TORII AND TEMPLE STEPS: NIKKO

The Temples of Old Nikko

of Ancient Greece. But when I read of the blossoming of the wild camellias fifty feet high in May and the blaze of flaming azaleas behind curtains of lilac wistaria, I sadly realise that we saw probably less than half the splendour of Nikko.

All the writers grow eloquent in praise of the plum and cherry blossom, the hanging wistaria, the tree-pæony, the azalea, the iris, the convolvulus, the lotus, the chrysanthemum, and the deep crimson glow of the maple in autumn.

The whole population turns out several times a year, we are told, to visit places which are noted for blossom, and the flowering of the trees is announced in the newspapers as boxing matches and rabbit-coursing are announced in ours.

We, visiting the country in October, unhappily missed this peculiar and intimate quality of Japan's beauty. We saw the drawing, but without the colour. This made a difference.

Another cause of disappointment was the scarcity of colour in dress. The brightness we had been led to expect was revealed only in the obi of very young children and occasionally in the festal kimonos of country girls visiting the towns.

But the dull blue and prune and grey cottons of the general mass constantly and cruelly mocked our expectations, while the European imitations

Japan for a Week

in large frock-coats and little "pot" hats betrayed us to ribaldry.

Here again we seem to have been unlucky : the current fashion in dresses is more than commonly drab, and such gay colours as are worn appear chiefly at spring and summer festivals.

The loveliest pageant of all is reserved for funerals, which are quite the gayest features of Japanese life. Unfortunately, my friends did not provide a funeral.

Another disillusion which came to a climax at Nikko was not dependent on the temporary effects of the calendar. I had gone to Japan with the belief that the mass of the Japanese were agnostics, more free from superstition than any Western people. The ubiquitous presence of the Salvation Army, the prevalence of prosperous-looking British Nonconformist missionary offices, and the magnificence of the temples at Kyoto had administered several rude shocks to that belief before we travelled to the Japanese Olympus ; but here the swarm of pilgrims, lean and tired peasants for the most part, with a large admixture of school children, gave this illusion its *coup de grâce*.

For it was very evident that these people had come to Nikko, not to satisfy an appetite for sight-seeing, but veritably to worship.

The Temples of Old Nikko

I saw them piously pull the bell-rope by which the pilgrim attracts the attention of the absent-minded gods, and deposit their offerings in the huge trough whose wide slit hungrily gapes before every temple.

I saw them rub the twisted straw rope which is warranted to avert small-pox, cholera, etc.

I saw them rub noses with the colossal noses of those grotesque monstrosities, the Dogs of Heaven, which superstition has endowed with miraculous healing properties.

I saw them buy ready-made prayers from the white-robed, ghostly priests who flit about the temples, and deposit them with abject salutations in the post-office of the gods.

I even saw one old woman spitting prayers chewed to a pulp through the wire netting enclosing two huge green and red statues suggestive of our own Guildhall Gog and Magog, and learned that prayers thus chewed are efficacious if, passing successfully through the wire netting, they chance to hit the god.

Indeed, I was told of one temple inhabited by a god of marriage which has been so extensively patronised by pulp-chewing, love-crossed worshippers that the god is now more spotty than the plum duff in an English cookshop window.

All the way up the mountain from Nikko to

Japan for a Week

the lovely lake of Chiussenji there are temples ; and every temple bears traces of a steady and prosperous trade.

At a place called Kammanga-fuchi, where the river is compressed to a deep blue whirlpool, there is an avenue of Buddhas in grey granite—hundreds of them : so many that no one has ever been able to count them—covered with lichens and moss-eaten almost out of facial form ; and even these were covered with white and red labels indicating the recent visit of the faithful.

Of the making of new shrines and temples there is no end under the Japanese sun.

I have been told of sacred groves heaped high with metal-framed mirrors, the votive offerings of women towards the building of temples, and of other holy places strewn with women's hair for the same purpose.

The Emperor and Government do all they can to encourage these superstitions. The periodical festival at Ise shrine took place while we were in Japan, and the national treasury, poor as it is in spite of crushing taxation on the peasantry, contributed 700,000 yen to the cost. A marquis and count of the Court attended to contribute sacred music and to offer food and saké to the gods on behalf of the Emperor.

The latter, by the way, still calls himself the

The Temples of Old Nikko

Son of Heaven, and is described in official documents as the direct descendant of the gods who laid the world's foundations.

A lecturer on Japanese literature, mentioned by Professor Chamberlain, declared that some of the odes preserved in the Kojiki and Nihongi were composed "by the gods, some by Jimmu Tenno, and other ancient Mikados, *one by a monkey*"; and when Professor Kume from his chair at the University of Tokyo ventured to criticise such "historical" teaching, the Japanese Government dismissed him!

Christianity, I am told, has made considerable progress among the upper classes of late years, but since certain native preachers began to try to reconcile Christian precept with its fundamental text, the Court has sensibly modified its view of the Western faith.

While we were in Japan, the orthodox "Kaitakaska" (Tokyo) gave the following description of Japanese Christianity:

The priest, instead of strictly confining himself to the teaching of dogmas, enters upon the domain of politics. His aim should not be to support the opinions of some apostle of Socialism.

The Government which lately suppressed a Socialist paper printed at Tokyo, naturally does not approve of this new-fangled sort of Chris-

Japan for a Week

tianity. It much prefers the old Shinto morality which merely asks its devotees to "follow your natural impulses *and obey the Emperor's decrees.*" For it is through the people's general acceptance of the latter half of this easy religion that the Government has been enabled to keep ninety-eight per cent of them from participation in the franchise.

Besides, as Professor Chamberlain says, "every Eastern nation knows that our Christian and humanitarian professions are really nothing but bunkum. The history of India, of Egypt, of Turkey, is no secret to them. More familiar still, because fought out at their very gates, is the great and instructive case of the West versus China—six or seven young tigers against one old cow. . . . Sometimes our hypocrisy is piquantly transparent, as when, to take a very modern instance, we find figuring prominently in the list of reasons officially alleged for the American annexation of Hawaii 'the intimate part taken by citizens of the United States in there implanting the seeds of Christian civilisation.'"

Mr. Chamberlain might have found other "modern instances" in the ingenuous pleas of American missionaries. Mr. Richard Barry has recorded a statement made by one of these at an enormous mass meeting in the New York

The Temples of Old Nikko

Hippodrome : “ a statement which,” he says, “ drew and is drawing money from the pocket-books of American business men.” This is the missionary’s statement :

“ The Japanese government spent \$50,000,000 recently in the United States solely because the Japanese engineers in charge of the work had been educated in the United States at the expense of the American missionaries, and had there imbibed Yankee notions which made it impossible for them to build a railroad along any other than American lines. Therefore, in one swoop, American commerce reaped a direct return of \$50,000,000 from missionary effort.”

Mr. Barry compares this statement with a similar argument advanced by the Rev. Arthur Judson Brown, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions :

“ In Korea I travelled in a car made in Delaware, drawn by a locomotive from Philadelphia over Pittsburg rails, fastened by New York spikes to Oregon ties. I sat down to a meal that included Chicago beef, Pittsburg pickles and Minnesota flour. We could afford to support all the missionaries in Korea for the large and growing trade which they have developed with this country.”

But considering that since 1800, after a century of the greatest missionary activity ever known, the world’s non-Christian population has almost doubled ; considering that as against 448 million Christians, there are 172 million Brah-

Japan for a Week

minists, 200 million Mohammedans, and 500 million Buddhists, it does not appear that Christian missionary zeal, whatever it may do for commerce, yields very satisfactory dividends for Christianity. And the heathens make unpleasant remarks. Thus, for instance, a Chinese author, Mr. Wo Chang :

“ For heaven’s sake, don’t be always turning the thick end of the telescope to other nations when you look at their faults, while you turn only the thin end upon the sins of your own country. Don’t waste so many hundreds of thousands of pounds on trying to convert the Africans, the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the Jews. Not one of these nations has such horrors to record in their newspapers as perpetrated by you. When my quiet and sober countrymen have read these things they have had serious thoughts of sending missionaries to the slums of London and the many moral wastes of Staffordshire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire.”

I wonder what the Oriental heathen thought when they learned that a Bible class of Siamese converts in Bangkok had collected six guineas to buy bread for the destitute unemployed in Southwark !

Could they have uttered anything more satirical than the innocent remark of the London vicar, who said, in acknowledging the money, that “ surely we ought in return to redouble our efforts to send Siam the Bread of Life ” ?

Japanese Labour Conditions

WITHOUT embarking on disputations as to proteids and uric acid and the relative merits of grass and grease as elements of the human dietary, I am bound to declare that the strongest people in Japan are meat-eaters.

Nowhere is so striking a difference to be noted between the physical aspect of the poor and the well-to-do.

The difference is not, as in England, between bloated gluttony and degenerate want. In all my travels I have seen nothing so hopeless and demoralised as the filthy and squalid hangers-on to the British slum gin palace.

But in Japan the aristocratic type of the opulent who have been for many years accustomed to a meat diet is unmistakably healthier, stronger, and handsomer than the peasant and industrial types.

The reason may be that the aristocratic class have been able to obtain sufficient nourishment, while the lower orders starved. I merely record the difference without argument.

Japan for a Week

As a matter of fact, I imagine that very few, if any, Japanese willingly accept a vegetarian diet. Amongst the *kurumaya*, the cheery little human horses of Japan, there is a saying that "it is impossible to work hard on a rice diet," and it is constantly noticeable that the rickshaw men associated with European hotels, where they presumably obtain a fair amount of meat, look stronger than their fellow-workers.

The work accomplished by these lithe, sinewy, and splendid athletes, the cheeriest and politest elements in the population, is amazing.

Many times, when the way was hard and hilly, I have been ashamed to let a man smaller and obviously weaker than myself pull my heavy weight along. But when I tried to alight and walk, the man invariably looked so deeply hurt; he was so pressing and persistent in his desire that I should resume my seat, that I have felt compelled to give way, even though at the journey's end I had to suffer the spectacle of his breathlessness, his sweat, and unconcealed distress.

And when I have paid him any excess over the few coppers to which his hard labour legally entitled him, he never failed to overwhelm me with smiling gratitude.

Even at their worst, in the smallest villages where globe-trotters are scarce, the rickshaw



YOUNG JAPAN

Japanese Labour Conditions

"boys" look better fed than the peasants and artisans. And no wonder, considering that, according to a Japanese fellow-passenger, "the lower class in Japan can live quite well on fifteen sen a day," or about fourpence!

The peasants paddling knee-deep in the mud-dams and irrigation ditches of the green rice-fields look not so much like women as beasts of burden, and ill-fed, ill-conditioned beasts of burden at that.

Professor Chamberlain tells us that the peasantry who cultivate these picturesquely-terraced paddy-fields, which are the most characteristic and greenest feature of the Japanese landscape, cannot afford to eat the rice they grow. "Rice is a luxury to be brought out only on high days and holidays, or to be resorted to in case of sickness."

He once heard an old countrywoman remark to another, with a grave shake of the head, "What? Do you mean to say that it has come to give him rice?" the implicit meaning being that the patient's case must be alarming indeed if the family had thought it necessary to resort to so expensive a luxury.

The most common commodities in the working-class diet are potatoes, dried fish, and seaweed.

In the mountains near Nikko, women, dressed in tight-fitting garments, sitting astride on pack-

horses, seemed to do most of the carrying work connected with the lead mines. The younger girls retained some bloom and charm of girlhood, but the older women were so wrinkled and bent that it was almost impossible to distinguish their sex.

The conditions of working-class life under the rapidly-growing factory system are even worse. Kiyoshi Kawakami, writing in the *Orient*, says that children under ten—children of scarcely five or six years—are largely employed in factories, and rapidly disfigured and demoralised by injuriously-excessive hours of labour. Women often work fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and even eighteen hours a day !

The latest legislation forbids night-work for children under fourteen ; those under twelve will not be permitted to start work, but *those between ten and twelve who are already engaged when the law comes into force may continue* ; there is to be a postponement of two years' time before the enforcement of the law to hear the opinions of business men " ; and the employment of children under twelve may be sanctioned " in accordance with the provisions of a separate ordinance."

There is a noted muslin manufacturing firm in Tokyo employing 1850 hands. Of these 150 only are male ; the rest are girls from thirteen to twenty-two, who have been recruited from

Japanese Labour Conditions

country districts. Each girl comes under a contract for three years. She gets a wage of 12 sen a day, or 3d. in English money. She stays at one of the factory dormitories, and has to pay $7\frac{1}{2}$ sen a day, thus practically keeping only $4\frac{1}{2}$ sen or $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. a day. For this pittance she has to work twelve full hours day or night, as the factory is worked in two shifts, and the change from day to night is effected weekly.

There are 1400 girls kept in dormitories. The space of each room is 24 by 24 feet, in which forty-four or forty-five girls are packed day and night in two equal shifts. In winter all windows are closed.

Readers may imagine how filthy and suffocating these dirty and low-ceilinged rooms become. As to the food, it must be the coarsest sort, since a day's meals cost less than $7\frac{1}{2}$ sen. One pound of bread costs 7 sen in Japan. Thus these girls are fed on something less than one pound of bread a day !

The highest wages paid in Tokyo are 1s. a day, and thousands of women operatives get not more than sixpence. There are no laws regulating the hours of labour, and factory operatives usually work from seven in the morning to six at night, with a few minutes at noon for their meal.

The workers are " for the most part young girls,

who suffer much from the constant strain. They are drawn chiefly from the poorer classes, and are usually ignorant, and wholly at the mercy of the foreman or employer."

Another writer says that "the lot of the Japanese factory girl is the hardest known to woman. She is engaged in a toil that is physically exhausting; her mere pittance keeps her underfed; and she is without either protection or sympathy." It is scarcely needful to mention that moral conditions are bad and infanticide common.

One hears of women swaying on ropes of pile-driving machinery, dragging heavily-laden vehicles through the streets, mixing mortar and carrying bricks, or coaling ships at Kobe or Nagasaki by carrying sacks upon their poor, bent backs. Or, worse still, we read of them tending the whirring machinery in the cotton mills with their babies tied to their backs and their younger children, down to the age of eight, working at their sides!

Marie Stopes says, in *A Journal from Japan*, that in the mines she has often seen women, "naked to the waist and up to the knee, working underground with the men."

The author of that charming book, *The Lady of the Decoration*, describes how she saw the Japanese warships during the war "coaled by women, who carry heavy baskets on each end of

Japanese Labour Conditions

a pole swung across the shoulder, and invariably a baby on their backs. It is something terrible the way the women work, often pulling loads that would require a horse at home."

She tells how one of these women, who had been pushing a heavy cart, stopped in front of her one day, "trembling from the strain. Her legs were bare and her feet were cut by the stones. There was absolute stolidity in her weather-beaten face, and the hands that lighted her pipe were gnarled and black." A conversation ensued between the American writer and the Japanese drudge :

"With a wistfulness that I have never seen except in the eyes of a dog, she said, 'If I paid your God with offering and prayers, do you think He would make my work easier? I am so tired.'"

Piety and Poverty walk hand in hand in Japan, as in Italy and Spain ; and the beauty and picturesqueness of life are largely on the surface.

When next you see a Japanese screen of delicate colour and simple design, with birds and flowers exquisitely modelled, you will perhaps mix your admiration with the remembrance that all is not beautiful even in Japan ; that the economic problem exists there, as it does wherever production is for individual profit ; that, because of the lack of trade organisation, the lot of the workers who handled that screen is worse than

yours in England ; and that the chief article of their diet was probably seaweed !

But while honest workers fare badly, the Yoshiwara thrives.

The number of "houses" licensed by the Government and contributing revenue to the State coffers is said to reach 20,000, and the number of women practising prostitution is estimated by the writer of a recent pamphlet on *The Social Evil* at over 1,400,000 !

Japanese Marriage Customs

SINCE my return to London I have frequently met a Japanese friend whose acquaintance I formed while in Japan. I had communicated to him then my first impressions of his country. When I met him in London he was able to return the compliment by giving me his first impressions of England and the English.

He had found all he had seen "very magnificent, but not so beautiful" as he had expected. He had been much impressed by the Paris Opera House and by the European music he heard there. He had been greatly struck with the magnitude of London. He admired the West End parks. And so on.

"But of all that you have seen," I asked, "what has impressed and surprised you most?"

He pondered for some moments and then, with his slow, wise, Oriental smile, he answered, "The superiority of women."

It was the inevitable answer; therefore it naturally startled me.

To explain this dark saying I must mention that

Japan for a Week

when he had asked me a corresponding question about his country seven weeks previously, I had given him a precisely converse answer, and he had then expressed surprise that I should regard the status of the Japanese wives as in any way extraordinary.

He had admitted that marriage in Japan was scarcely ever the result of love, but almost invariably the effect of a convenient arrangement between parents, brought to fruition by the offices of a go-between; that the young people had usually not met until the go-between had brought them to see each other; and that after this casual meeting where neither had much opportunity of discovering the other's character, the marriage was almost irrevocably settled.

"But," I had objected, "supposing you had met a girl that you greatly liked, could you not tell her so without the intervention of a go-between?"

The possibility had apparently never entered my young friend's mind. He looked a little shocked and greatly puzzled.

When I elaborated and pressed the point, he answered in his slow, wise way, "But that would be immoral."

"What, then, would you do if you yourself,

Japanese Marriage Customs

of your own initiative, discovered a girl that you would like to marry ? ”

The proposition was still too sudden for his unaccustomed intellect. I had to repeat, expound, amplify : “ If you fell in love——? ”

He turned up his eyes sideways in questioning alarm. He evidently feared that I was threatening to undermine the sanctity of home and the marriage tie.

“ If you met a girl that you thought suitable for your wife——? ”

He smiled blankly. “ But how must I know she suitable ? ”

“ Well, if you thought she was a nice girl——? ”

It took him time to emerge from the abysses of perplexity into which this daring supposition plunged him.

Then, more deliberately than ever : “ If it could be, then I tell parents. If they think same nice as me, then they perhaps ask go-between.”

That was the wildest flight of individual passion I could bring him to.

“ If go-between he find what you call suitable, then yes can do.”

The girl's ideas on the subject evidently would not count in any case.

Yet, according to the unanimous testimony of the Japanese I met—Japanese men, of course ; one

Japan for a Week

never meets the women—marriages thus arranged are the happiest of all possible marriages.

The dainty little *moussmé*, it is pointed out, was never known to refuse the opportunity of marriage.

X It is her delight to become upper maid-of-all-work to a Lord of Creation, and very few willingly accept the disgrace of remaining unmarried after the age of fifteen.

It is a positive treat to any girl to give up all the little pleasures to which her young maidenhood has been accustomed, stay close at home, ignore the world's doings, and devote herself wholly to attendance on her husband and all the relatives he may choose to bring into the house.

> For by the laws of Japanese usage, she is compelled to live with her husband's family. She is treated as an inferior being. Her husband may take his mother and sisters to the theatre, but "it would be immoral" (to use my friend's expression) to take his wife.

> She is not allowed to sit at table with her husband, but serves him and then eats what is left. She is not allowed to meet her husband's friends unless it be to wait on them, but the task of entertaining them is committed to professional geisha specially hired to take her place as hostesses. She is the drudge of her mother-in-law, and must look

Japanese Marriage Customs

pleasant while her every desire and pleasure is crossed and thwarted.

She must bow low before her husband when he takes his walks abroad, and if she is privileged perchance to accompany him she must walk behind and hold the umbrella over him if it rains. If he chooses to keep concubines (as he usually does if he can afford it), and even if he bring them home to live with her, she must smile as if she liked it.

Her duties are fully set out for her in the classical *Greater Learning for Women*, which every Japanese girl is taught to regard as the compendium of feminine virtues :

“The only qualities that befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy, and quietness. . . . Never should a woman fail, night and morning, to pay her respects to her father-in-law and her mother-in-law. Never should she be remiss in performing any tasks they may require of her. . . . Even if they be pleased to hate and vilify thee, be not angry and murmur not. . . . When the husband issues his instructions, the wife must never disobey them. . . . Let her never even dream of jealousy. . . . Should her husband act ill and unreasonably, she must compose her countenance and soften her voice to remonstrate with him; and if he be angry and listen not, she must wait over a season and then expostulate with him again when his heart is softened.”

And so on, and so on. Until recently, a man could divorce his wife if she showed any sign of

jealousy, or if she disobeyed her mother-in-law, or for "talking overmuch and prattling disrespectfully."

A realistic novel by Kenjiro Tokutomi—a Socialist writer—shows how a discordant mother-in-law compels her son, who loves his wife intensely, to divorce her because she is ill!

The facility of divorce is the theme of nearly every novel about Japan, from Pierre Loti's *Madame Chrysanthème* to Stacpoole's *Crimson Azaleas*. Chamberlain says that many of the marriages of plebeians amount simply to cohabitation founded on mutual convenience, and adds that "this accounts for the 'boy' and the cook—to their foreign master's increasing astonishment—being found to bring home a new wife almost as often as they bring home a new saucepan."

Mr. Knox, an American missionary, tells of men who divorce wife after wife before finding the perfectly gentle and obedient slave demanded by their fastidious taste. One gentleman tried no less than ten before he was suited. No wonder that divorces in Japan reach the enormous proportion of thirty-three per cent.

It is true that the legal conditions of divorce have been amended by the late Japanese Civil Code, but I am assured that the new laws are more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Japanese Marriage Customs

Besides, even the new Code handicaps the woman. As in England, it is only the man who can obtain a divorce on the mere ground of adultery, and while the man can only be punished for "criminal intercourse" the woman may actually be sentenced to imprisonment varying in duration from two to ten years if taken in adultery.

In the last fifty years Japan has made wonderful strides in the way of progress and civilisation. It has revolutionised its Government, its Army, its Navy, its university system. It has opened military, naval, and central schools, it has established arsenals, built railways. In short, it has sprung at a bound from barbarism to a level with the highest European models in everything—except the treatment of women.

In this one respect Japan remains as Oriental as Turkey.

Six of the chief *literati* of the country, reviewing a book of Chamberlain's, commented favourably on most of his utterances, but when it came to his remarks on the subjection of women, they indignantly observed that : "The subordination of women to men is an extremely correct custom. To think the contrary is to harbour European prejudice. For the man to take precedence over the woman is the grand law of heaven and earth.

Japan for a Week

To ignore this and to talk of the contrary as barbarous, is absurd."

That was the view clearly expressed by my Japanese friend's slow, wise smile when he declared that what had surprised him most in Europe was "the superiority of women."



FISHERMEN AT KOBE

Japanese Commercial Honesty

THE tedious commercial Britisher on the Yokohama steamer had been feeding me to the verge of nausea with what he was pleased to call "evidences of Japanese rascality."

At last the instinct of self-preservation compelled me to assure him that my own personal interest in honesty was limited to a general scorn and loathing for all forms of eccentric affectation. "And as for the Japanese," I continued, in my most blighting vein of irony, "I have found it more pleasant to be cheated by their roguery than bored to death by British honesty."

You would have thought the man would have shrivelled up like a salted snail.

But he did not.

"Pleasant be d——d," he retorted unabashed ; "that's their confounded craft."

Whereupon I affectionately shook hands with him and bade him go to the Devil.

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Yet one must admit that what everybody says

Japan for a Week

is not necessarily untrue; it may be that in business, as in so many other things, the imitative Japanese have surpassed their European teachers.

The honest Britisher on the boat told me of one "evidence" which would have brought the chastening smile of incredulity to the gentle lips of a Chinese hippopotamus, but—one never knows.

His story told how a Japanese wolf who had ordered certain goods from a British lamb, calmly and nefariously repudiated the contract when on the morrow of the order the said commodities depreciated in price.

The British lamb, secure in a written contract, sued the Japanese wolf in a Japanese court. But in spite of the contract the court decided in favour of its countryman.

Then the simple Britisher tried to dispose of his goods elsewhere, but before he had succeeded in finding a buyer, the market price of the goods had considerably increased, and the Britisher reaped a large profit.

When the Japanese trader realised what he had lost by his roguery, he suddenly determined that honesty was the better policy, and informed the Britisher that he was now prepared to take delivery of his contract.

Japanese Commercial Honesty

The matter-of-fact Britisher laughed. "Why, you denied that there had been any contract," he answered, "and your native court upheld you."

The Japanese "allowed" that that was a mistake, and insisted on delivery.

The Britisher still laughed.

The Japanese entered an action for damages for non-delivery.

The Britisher still laughed.

But though he laughed he did not realise the whole humour of the situation until the same court which had decided that there had been no contract condemned him to pay damages for not fulfilling it.

Then he laughed on the other side of his face.

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It is a weird story, but—one never knows.

As Chamberlain says, the ways of Eastern logic are not the ways of Western minds.

The Emeritus professor tells of a learned judge who ruled that a firm which had counterfeited the registered label of a brand of mineral water need not be restrained from so doing, because, as it was winter time, few persons would be drinking mineral water. ✓

In another case the proprietor of a successful hotel whose premises had been burned down,

Japan for a Week

asked permission to rebuild. But the municipality decided that as he had made plenty of money already, it was only right that his rivals in the town should have a chance, and his licence was held over.

A Yokohama brewery published a report in 1899 showing as an asset an item of 5000 yen spent for advertising. Somebody demurred, but the objector was gravely answered that as the advertising was bound to produce increase of business it was quite business-like to count the expenditure amongst the assets.

An insurance company whose accounts would not balance, called in an English expert, who promptly discovered a deficit of 700,000 yen. He naturally advised the company to correct their accounts by writing off this sum from the reserve fund, but the Japanese company replied that this might not be, because "according to Government regulations all insurance companies were obliged to hold a reserve of 500,000 yen," and if the non-existent 700,000 yen were deducted from their balance-sheet their position would be *illegal*.

The *Japan Mail* tells of a prospectus of a projected line of railway where the estimate of prospective profits was worked out to decimals of one farthing !

Japanese Commercial Honesty

Evidently the workings of the Oriental mind are not to be gauged by the rules of European logic.

A German professor of Tokyo, to whom I repeated the story which begins this chapter, pronounced it not impossible. The judges in the Japanese courts, he said, were mostly uneducated men, without any special qualification for their positions except a healthy preference for their own countrymen over the foreigner. Their salaries in the lower courts range from £3 to £6 a month. The President of the Highest Court is only paid £300 a year ! They mostly graduate, he added, from evening schools, and no law students become judges, because they can earn far more money at the Bar. X

As to the vexed question of Japanese commercial morality, he pointed out with great fairness that commercial morality had been a product of slow evolution in all countries, and that the patent and adulteration laws in Germany had been every bit as bad as in Japan up to the '60's. V

He repeated the common argument that the trading class in Japan had not yet recovered from the stigma attaching to trade throughout the feudal times, when the trader ranked socially below the peasant and the labourer ; and he added the curious statement that the worst offenders

Japan for a Week

among modern merchants are the samurai, or fighting men of the old régime, who have been "degraded" to commerce by the revolution.

Stripped of their glorious two-handed swords and their innocent privilege of promiscuous throat-cutting, these unhappy discarded Sir Galahads have gone in with both hands for the quest of the Holy Tael and the bleeding of the Golden Calf.

It is only fair to recall that the early European instructors of the Japanese took more pains to inspire them with greed and cunning than with chivalry. The early Dutch traders, the heralds of European commerce in Japan, fattened and became rich under laws and restrictions so humiliating that their memory is despised in Japan to this day. They were made to prostrate themselves in slavish obeisance to the lowest officials, they were obliged to deny their religion and to "eat dirt" in very literal ways.

The early trading adventurers from Great Britain were little, if any, better. I have a book written in 1862, by a British Government official, Edward Barrington De Fonblanque, who very frankly describes how our traders were forcibly thrust upon the simple-minded, courteous, gentlemanly, happy, and artistic Japanese, "to arouse their discontent, or their avarice, to teach them artificial wants, and infect them with un-

Japanese Commercial Honesty

known vices." Mr. De Fonblanque, who wrote of what he saw, says :

"It is useless to attempt to gloss over our motives, as some trading missionaries do, with philanthropic or religious pretences. It is not true that we resort to Japan to civilise, for civilisation exists already; or to convert the heathen, for such attempts are strictly prohibited under the terms of the treaty which we have accepted; or to add to the happiness of the people, for a more contented people does not exist: or for any object in the world but to trade with profit to ourselves. And this must be patent to the Japanese themselves, who may probably become rich by intercourse with our merchants, but who are hardly likely to be in other respects improved by it.

"The so-called pioneers of civilisation are, like other pioneers, more noted for physical energy than for gentler or more refined qualities. It is not the skilled or scientific farmer, but the strong-armed labourer who cuts down the forest; nor is it the liberal, enlightened, prudent, and educated merchant, but the daring money-seeking adventurer who clears the way for commerce. What have the Japanese to learn from such men? Do they set them a profitable example in morality, decency, religion, probity, intelligence, industry, or even in the outward forms of social intercourse? . . . I believe there are not a few among the European merchants in Japan who would fully concur in my remarks, which, of course, apply only to a class; but that class is, unfortunately, a large one. . . .

"We say the Japanese are false; but did we teach them truthfulness or honesty when we bought their gold, weight for weight with silver, and drained their treasury of native currency by false representations? . . ."

Japan for a Week

Evidently, then, the dishonest trading charged against the modern Japanese by their British rivals, was not of their invention. Mr. De Fonblanque says that the European merchants in those early days admitted that their profits "exceeded their most sanguine expectations." And I suspect that much of the prejudice now displayed by the British traders against the Japanese, is due to the latter's growing disposition and ability to mind their own business and keep the profits of trade in their own hands.

One English agent whom I met in Yokohama, assured me, almost with tears in his eyes, that his trade was going to the dogs because English firms at home were beginning to deal direct with Japanese merchants. "It's a great mistake," he said; "it will never pay. Why," he continued, with ingenuous inconsequentiality, "I can keep four servants, a cook, and a carriage here, while at home I could only afford to keep one 'general.'"

A German lady, with trading interests in the East, told me the same story. "When I lived in Japan as a girl," she said, "there were great profits to be made. But now that European houses trade direct with the Japanese there is no more any money to be made. Oh, the country is being ruined. I used to have any number of

Japanese Commercial Honesty

servants for no wages at all, and they would do anything for me, but now," with a fine flash of indignation, "they think they are as good as you are."

The truth is that the Japanese have grievously disappointed many of their European friends.

Pierre Loti, for instance, must feel bitterly disappointed in the compatriots of Madame Chrysanthème when he reflects that a few years before the Russian war he wrote of Japan :

"I find it little, old, used up in blood and sap; I realise its antediluvian antiquity; its mummification of so many centuries, which will shortly end in grotesque and pitiful buffoonery through contact with Western novelties."

And I wonder how Major-General Reverly feels when he looks over this passage from his *Orient and Occident*, published in 1886 :

"Near the castle are many barracks and drill-grounds where we frequently saw the sturdy, untidy little soldiers drilling, while unhappy-looking mounted officers . . . like military caricatures . . . passed backwards and forwards, tightly clutching their holsters or horses' manes, and giving the idea that a cavalry charge would be by no means terrific to anyone but themselves."

The English traders in Yokohama are evidently not the only people who have been "taken in" by the Japanese.

The greater tussle which is now preparing may

Japan for a Week

bring further surprises. The British traders who, as Hearn shows in *Kokoro*, laughed at Japanese pretensions before the Chinese and Russian wars, and belittled their achievements after, are now cocksure of two theories.

They are cocksure that the Japanese mean presently—when they have an hour or two to spare—to attack Britain. They will seize Hong-kong. Their spies swarm in Singapore. They are all but ready to attack Australia.

This theory runs tandem with another theory which the uninitiated might regard as a misfit. But amongst our imaginative compatriots in the glowing East *on n'y regarde pas de si près*.

The second theory is that Japan is virtually bankrupt, that her credit is exhausted, that she spent her last cartridge to win the battle of Mukden, that she entered the Portsmouth peace conference in a practically beaten condition, and that she was compelled to accept the Russian terms—which were to her the terms of defeat—because she was utterly unable to continue the struggle.

As against this interesting theory, there are certain facts to be considered.

Firstly, there is the steadiness of Japanese stocks.

Secondly, there is the fact that Japan gained a

Japanese Commercial Honesty

territory of 250,000 square kilometres by the Russian war, and that her Empire, which measured only 382,000 square kilometres before the Chinese war, has since been increased by nearly seventy-five per cent.

Thirdly, there is the fact that since her war with Russia, Japan has ordered £25,000,000 worth of great warships, and more than doubled her military activities.

These are scarcely symptoms of defeat and exhaustion. Neither do I regard them as evidences of a scheme to attack Britain. They are simply the proofs that Japan is determined to maintain the place she has won among the nations, and to resist every attempt, whether by Russia, Germany, England, or America, to subject her to the blessings of Christian civilisation.

Fortunately for them the Japanese do not allow their determination to be strong to wait upon the shuffling rascalities of party opportunism. Where their country's safety is concerned, they know only one party, and that party is the nation.

Japan is great and invincible because the people believe in what they call their Great August Country and in one another. Desertion in the army is unknown. The poorest peasant conscript feels himself ennobled on entering the ranks, not only in his own estimation, but in that of his

Japan for a Week

fellows. He has imbibed from childhood that profound sense of duty which is the essence of Samurai-hood and of the Japanese character. The greatest honour, the sweetest piece of good fortune that could befall him, is to die for the Emperor; for the Emperor to him is not a picturesque puppet, but a god whose "divine ancestors," as the Imperial proclamations aver, "laid the foundations of the earth."

This worshipful loyalty is the basis of his patriotism, and his patriotism is the inspiration of that courage which filled the trenches of Port Arthur and swept the plains of Mukden to the cheery cry of "Dai Nihon Banzai!"

"The Russians and Chinese were beaten," said Mr. Gordon Smith, the author of several admirable books on Japan, whom we had the good fortune to meet on the Yokohama boat, "because they were inferior to the Japanese in patriotism. They cared nothing for their country—they had no faith in themselves."

Dr. Sven Hedin, the eminent explorer, lately wrote in a Swedish paper:

"In Japan there is unity and harmony; there the people understand that unity gives strength, and in the murmur of the waves along Nippon's shores there grows a people who know how to defend their heritage.

"With us discord and disharmony rule supreme; there is struggle and effort, but not for a common end,

Japanese Commercial Honesty

the best of all, the welfare of the fatherland ; but only to make as much harm as possible for each other in envy. We advance on our path in blindness, each seeking his own happiness and not that of the fatherland. We talk much and in a high tone, and only an empty hollow echo answers, and seldom there is a man behind the word.

“In Japan they live in the glory and radiance of a war for their independence and in the rosy morn of a new period of greatness. We lose our time in bickerings and see our days pass away to no use ; in Japan they are silent and work.”

I commend the example of “efficient” Germany and Japan to the emulation of my fellow-Britons. I trust and pray that when they come to be tried—as they surely will be before many years—their achievement will not prove as piffling and as futile as their Mafficking.

Japanese Politeness

MR. GORDON SMITH, whom I quoted at the close of my last chapter, is, like the late Lafcadio Hearn, a little more Japanese than the Japanese. He lives near Kobe as a Japanese gentleman, in a Japanese house with Japanese servants, dresses in Japanese clothes, eats Japanese food, and worships at the Japanese temple.

“Everything Japanese,” he declared, “is better than anything English. I have been away from my home for a few weeks and been compelled to live in European style, and I can’t tell you how glad I am to get back to my Japanese ways. Away from my home I can never make myself feel clean.”

He furnishes one more example of the curious divergence which I have noted between the literary and commercial appraisal of the Japanese character.

Every feature of Japanese life to which we had heard objection was explained by him as a supreme illustration of Japanese super-excellence.

Thus what the British traders had described as



PRIVATE GARDEN NEAR KYOTO

Japanese Politeness

the crafty flattery of the people, Mr. Gordon Smith ascribed to natural politeness founded on innate simplicity and kindness; and on this point my brief observations declare for the literary verdict.

It is true that the unaccustomed foreigner—the London coster or cabman, for instance—might regard Japanese politeness as overdone if he chanced to hear two rickshaw boys who had accidentally collided addressing each other in eulogistic and hyperbolic apology. It does not seem natural that a man should never express an opinion, even as to the character of the person who has just jumped upon his best corn, without adding that it is merely the notion of an unspeakably stupid gob of mud, utterly unworthy to weigh against the brilliantly luminous observations of the honourable other gentleman.

Neither is it easy to understand why a people professedly free from snobbery should require three separate and distinct forms of address, one for superiors, one for equals, and a third for inferiors. Nor am I surprised to learn that this plethora of courteous distinctions has proved a grievous pitfall to many worthy missionaries, who, not realising the importance of the differentiation, have incurred grave displeasure, as a Japanese gentleman assured me, “by

Japan for a Week

addressing high persons rudely and servants politely ! ”

Again, it seemed to me something of a waste of urbanity to see the officers in a police-station near the Tokyo Yoshiwara rise up and bow to the ground to receive a pickpocket whom they were about to consign to the “jug.”

But these extravagances and affectations apart, I do believe that the politeness of the Japanese is a genuine thing, based, as Mr. Smith declared, upon natural kindness of disposition.

Mr. Arthur Diósy says that it is “responsible for a great part of the insincerity with which they are taxed by Occidentals. Extreme courtesy makes them so anxious to avoid any speech that might possibly give offence, that they frequently distort the truth, suppress it altogether, or replace it by polite fiction, intended to give pleasure.”

Be that as it may, I can affirm that never in any country have I met with such fine courtesy as I encountered on every hand in Japan.

The accidents of travel threw me into near acquaintance with three Japanese gentlemen, and each of these exerted himself amazingly to contribute to my comfort and information. They gave me letters of introduction, they

Japanese Politeness

placed their own time at my unreserved disposal, they treated me in every way as if I had been a personal friend.

The tradespeople with whom we had dealings were invariably polite, patient, and obliging to a degree unprecedented in my European experience. It is true they always asked more for their wares than they expected to get, but their haggling was done very gently, very good-humouredly, and with an air of going through an inevitable formality, rather than with any apparent intention to take advantage.

The Cornish lady of whom I have made mention would ask: "How much do you want for this?"

And the bowing, smiling Oriental would reply: "Sicketty yen, if you please. It is a fine day, yes, I am sure, ha! ha!"

The Cornish lady, scorning the meteorological reference, and sticking to business, would retort sharply: "Give you thirty."

"Tharty yen? Yes, yes, that cannot be. It is very pretty goods—yes, yes, ha, ha, very pretty. What you give?"

"I said I would give thirty yen. Didn't you understand?"

"Ju jitsu harakiri Sumitsu samurai, oh yes, I understand. Yes, yes, quite good I under-

stand, ha, ha. Did the rickisha boy send the honourable lady to this shop ? ”

“ Rickisha boy ? No.”

“ Yes, yes. He not send, then I give you the ten per cent commission. Fifty-four yen.” This after careful calculation on the abacus or counting machine, without which no Japanese tradesman attempts to do business.

“ Fifty-four ? Oh, nonsense. Make it forty, and I’ll take it.”

“ Yes, yes, no can do.” Then, after worried calculation on the abacus : “ For no commission and your exceeding great kindness, I take twenty per cent discount. Farty-eight yen.”

Having reached this figure—evidently the real price of the article—no amount of Cornish argument or wheedling would shift the smiling little gentleman. “ Yes, yes,” was his steadfast answer to all further offers, “ for your exceeding great kindness and no commission, I take twenty per cent.”

Finally defeated, but undismayed, the lady would make a final effort : “ Well, I thought of taking two. But I shan’t unless you make it forty yen.”

“ Then, if you please,” says the merchant with dignity, “ you will take one.”

And at this point, realising that the last

Japanese Politeness

word had been said, I would intervene with the cash, and the negotiation would be closed.

It will have been gathered from these and previous observations, that I like the Japanese.

But I am quite prepared to believe, on Mr. Arthur Diósy's wider experience, that they may be addicted to secret resentments, vindictiveness, envy, arrogance, and "the desire to trick the foreigner." Very few of us are immaculate.

I myself noticed some little ways which could only be described with propriety by a countryman of Rabelais or Zola. Their sanitary arrangements are—there is no other word for it—sickening. And, as Mr. Norman says, "the Japanese do not appear to be physically conscious of a foul smell." ✓

I will not criticise their popular taste in amusements, beyond stating that "the lady who wipes the floor with her tongue" does not impress my artistic sense nearly so much as her rival at the popular fairs, "the woman who swallows her face up to her eyes."

I say nothing about their custom of serving live fish at dinner, because I have heard them retort very effectively that they have seen us eating oysters. And as to their alleged habit of loud eructation at table, to show appreciation

Japan for a Week

of a host's hospitality, I will merely submit, with all deference to Mr. Gordon Smith, that it strikes me as an example of good breeding carried to excess.

Who are the Japanese ?

MANY writers on Japan have compared the Japanese with the ancient Greeks. Their intense patriotism, their heroic endurance in war, their indifference to wounds and death, and, above all, their democratic love of art and beauty, give good cause for the comparison.

Mr. Arthur Diósy, whose inexhaustible fund of information has been of service to me in many ways, has expressed to me his conviction that the Japanese æsthetic sense is more precious to the people than great riches. "A mechanic on Hampstead Heath," he said, "will pause and take delight in a beautiful sunset. But after a moment's contemplation he moves on. On the other hand, the Japanese workman in the presence of natural beauty is transported and transfigured with ecstasy. To the Englishman the beautiful sunset has been a pleasant incident. To the Japanese workman the sight of the cherry trees in blossom is a lasting inspiration, a permanent source of happiness and content. From the point of view of wages

Japan for a Week

he may be poor ; but in his constant joy of beauty he is rich beyond compare."

I have heard of rickshaw men who spent their hours of enforced idleness in composing poetry. Some have paused by the wayside to ask me honourably to observe the beauties of a landscape or the glowing colour of a flower.

In one place I saw two men sweeping the tile roof of a house with soft brooms ; at Nikko I saw the priests sweeping the moss before the temples with as much loving care as if they had been dusting a valuable vase of Old Satsuma.

Where but in Japan shall you see a railway company engage a woman to arrange flowers or cut branches of flowering trees in beautiful and symbolic compositions for the delectation of hurried visitors to a station waiting-room ? Where else would a corporation pay an artist with a delicate feeling for beauty of line and form to trim the pine trees in the parks ?

✓ Japanese art is the most democratic the world has seen since the Grecian people's sense of the beautiful created an ideal of beauty and criterion of art for all mankind. The giants of the "Artisan School," of whom Hokusai was king, were representative types of a people in whom the ideal of beauty had not been crushed out nor commercially exploited by their rulers.

Who are the Japanese ?

It may be, it is probable, that the rise of industrialism and Imperialism will gradually kill this innate artistic taste and instinct. Instead of temples the new age is building factories, and the bronze that former generations wrought into majestic triumphs like the Dai-butsu of Kamakura is being flung into the melting-pot to make cannons for the glory of O-mi-kuni. ✓

But for the present the art of Japan survives. It directs the hands of the cunning workers in bronze, enamel, and porcelain at Kyoto. It is manifest in the satin-like smoothness and exquisite joinery of the meanest box in which these artistic products are delivered. It leaps to one's eyes in town and country, field and park. Japan's art, together with her huge achievement in war, justify the writers who have called the Japanese "the Greeks of the Far East."

But even these writers may be surprised to learn that a large and increasing section of modern educated Japanese claim to be Greeks, or descendants of Greeks, in literal fact.

Professor Kimura, a famous scholar of Tokyo, who has translated Plato into Japanese, has satisfied himself from researches in ancient history, that the original Japanese were one of the peoples of Græco-Latin stock who lived

at Amans, in Asia Minor, and he is convinced that the language of Japan is related to the ancient Græco-Latin tongues, with strong influences from the Teutonic, Celtic, and even Egyptian and Arabian.

The ancestors of Nippon, he says, left the land of their origin in prehistoric times and spread in various directions, including Greece, Italy, Egypt, and Arabia.

Japanese mythology claims that the first Mikado, Kamu-Yamato-Iware-Biko, known after death as Jimmu Tennō, was the son of the Sun-Goddess, and Professor Kimura identifies this mythological-historical figure with a younger brother of Mycerino No-Mikato, King of Egypt about 2700 B.C. Kamu-Yamato, he suggests, conquered the nations intervening between him and the uttermost East. He claims that they were ancestors of modern Nippon, who called Mecca "Mahoroba," in present-day Japanese, "Mooroba"—happy land; and that the modern word "Yamato," one of the names of the mythological first Emperor, is the old Greek "Iamatos," signifying healing or peace.

He has traced Japanese settlers in Egypt and Arabia over a thousand years before Christ.

"Through centuries the Japanese ancestors kept moving eastward, and finally made a powerful settlement

Who are the Japanese?

in Siam. In the forward march the Japanese capital was at last (about A.D. 592) established in the islands of Yamato, the Japan of to-day. They subdued the aboriginal tribes, and in doing so became intermingled with them in blood. KIMURA is persuaded that in the ancient records of his nation's history, such as the 'Koji-ki' and the 'Nihon-shoki,' he finds much that throws light on the ancient history of Europe and Asia."

These views are generally accepted by Japanese scholars and unanimously by the Tokyo Press, whose pride of race they confirm and emphasise. The Cornish lady agrees that there is much resemblance between modern Japanese and ancient Greek in their common patriotism, courage, love of the beautiful, and also in craftsmanship and—craft.

"But," she thoughtfully continued, pointing to a passing descendant of Ionian elegance in a dowdy yukata, clogs, and a pot hat, "I didn't think the Greek gods looked like that."

Japaneso-English

MORE or less English is spoken by the shopkeepers in all Japanese towns.

Indeed, English is now an obligatory branch of study in the schools, and all children have some knowledge of it.

Bank-notes bear inscriptions not only in Japanese, but also in English: "Please pay to bearer," etc.

The names of railway stations are posted in both languages, and under the name usually appears a notice in English relating to the temples, shrines, and other neighbouring objects of interest.

One wonders what French and German travelers think of this ubiquity of English. Japan in this respect is like an English colony.

The English used is sometimes better in intention than effect. I quote, for instance, a circular which was given to us at Nagasaki:

"ATTENTION

"What we want to draw attention is that there are dealing in with different kind of Tortoise-Shell putting

Japaneso-English

into his operation as that seems to be so nearly similar kind like the Real Tortoise-Shells embossed.

“Such kind Tortoise-Shells were worked with horn or horse nail joinning closely together into thin substances as paper (no burnning as same as real Tortoise-Shell) so that will be confused to distinguish by an inexperienced persons.

“As the things are temporarily adorned the outside appearances, will be soon naturally broken by changes of season or place.

“Wish to pay goods attention of previous state when it has been bought as a memorial things and we comply with examining and judging such qualities.

“Acting as it suits for the person who sailed round at present occasion, we will extensively deal in with same price what it had been sold at the manufactured price.”

Here is an essay on “The Character of an Englishman,” quoted by Chamberlain :—

“The England which occupied of the largest and greatest dominion which rarely can be. The Englishman works with very powerful hand, and the long legs, and even the eminenced mind, his chin is so strong as de-cerved iron. He are not allowed it to escape if he did seized something. Being spread his dominion is dread-fully extensive so that his countryman boastaliy say ‘the sun are never sets on our dominions.’ The Testamony of English said that he that lost the common sense, he never any benefit though he had gained the complete world. The English are cunning institutioned to estab-lish a great empire of the Paradise. The English always said to the another nation ‘give me your land and I will give you my Testimony.’ So it is not a robbed but ex-changed as the Englishman always confide the object to

Japan for a Week

be pure and the order to be holy and they reproach him if any them are killed with the contention of other man."

As in the pregnant prose of Mr. Henry James, the expression here leaves something to the reader's imagination; but there is a subtle *je ne sais quoi* about the last sentence which assures me that the writer knows more about the English than appears upon the surface.

The following description of "the Waterfall at Yoro, near Lake Biwa," quoted from the *Japanese Mail*, shows that the Japanese students of our tongue are as proficient in poetry as prose :

"The name is well-known by the all,
The graceful scene from old to now;
Not only scene but waterfall
With silver colour, sail like bow.

"Its thundering shakes country round,
Dash'd in a cloud of water.
Small silver balls on loftily send
Heavy mist and ceaseless shower.

"It comes far up the mountain to
Below, a flow of water, then
A river with the branches two
Running quickly to the ocean.

"Oh ! gentle, gentle, very poor boy,
His mind so obey father's sake,
A sweet sake. Thou, spout out by,
How joyful tears on face he take."

Japaneso-English

It is a beautiful poem, though it leaves one wondering, wondering as to the gentle, gentle, very poor boy, why, in the noble words of another Japanese poet, "why his gleamy grew gloomy"?

Another poem which appeals even more powerfully to my sensibility is included in a volume entitled, *New of Pom and Song the English and Japanese* :

"HER GLEE

"The purest flame, the hottest heat
Is Woman's Power over earth ;
Which mighty black and pale down beat,
And made the Eden, place of birth.

"Of what ? of what ? can thou tell me ?
A birth of Noble, High value—
The station He destined for thee—
Of woman, Mother, Social Glue.

"Let her be moved from earth to try
What dark mist overwhelms human Race :
Let Lady claim with all the cry :
'Can you still hold and hold your peace ?'

"How sweet, how mirthful, gay is Name !
What boon, thing, may exceed in kind ?
Would she be praised, entolled—not Shame :
Tie Pale, of both, to bound, to bind ?"

It is a momentous question—"of what ? of what ? can thou tell me ?" The poem is full of the weird mystery of the East, but where

Japan for a Week

in Poetry shall we find a parallel for Woman that sticks like "Social Glue" ?

Chamberlain quotes also a book called *The Practical Use of Conversation for Police Authorities*, which furnishes the following admirably suggestive dialogue between a representative of the force and an English sailor :

"What countryman are you ?

I am a sailor belonged to the Golden Eagle, the English man of war.

Why do you strike Jinrikisha-man ?

He told me impolitely.

What does he told you impolitely ?

He insulted me, saying loudly, 'the Sailor, the Sailor,' when I am passing here.

Do you striking this man for that ?

Yes.

But do not strike him for it is forbided.

I strike him no more."

It is perhaps owing to the occurrence of such dialogues that the Japanese Government has issued an edict prescribing the deportment of the people to foreign visitors on their shores.

This curious document lays down the following rules of behaviour :

"Loungers shall not crowd around foreigners. Merchants must not charge them excessive prices. People must refrain from throwing stones at the dogs which accompany strangers, who are to be treated with courtesy

Japaneso-English

and cordiality. They must be offered a seat when they enter government offices and not be required to take off their hats. No ironical remarks are to be made upon their dress, their religion, or their doings. No coarse or insulting remark is to be address to them. They must not be looked in the face, or stared at impertinently. *The games or promenades of foreigners are not to be interrupted by throwing pieces of crockery, sticks, or stones at them.* You must avoid spitting, throwing down fruit-skins, or cigar-ends in the trains or ships on which foreigners are travelling with you."

Foreign ladies are to be treated with the most delicate circumspection, as is shown from the following directions :

"It is forbidden to point the finger at a foreign lady, or annoy them or any other foreigner by talking to them in a random manner and asking them their age without having some reason for the question. . . . When you walk out with a stranger keep in step with him, and if he takes out his watch you may be sure he has some other appointment to keep."

This official manual of politeness has more recently been extended to include behaviour toward Chinamen. Their pigtails are not to be pulled, nor are they to be addressed as "rascals."

This last recommendation may have been necessary, for I read that in a Tokyo school where "China" had been given out as the theme of the English essay, one student crys-

Japan for a Week

tallised his information on the subject into these two sentences :

“Chinese gentlemen adjourn their tales and clutches so long as they are able. The people are all liars.”

But the official ordinance against the heaving of crockery or stones at foreigners seemed to us superfluous. We were certainly stared at, and at one music-hall in Kyoto it was evident from the amused attention bestowed on us by the audience that the performers on the stage—two very mild Japanese *Two Macs*—had utilised our entrance for the improvisation of special “gags” relating to our appearance. But the people who stared laughed so good-humouredly, and seemed so cordially to invite us to have the joke “with them,” that we thanked the gods for having been the occasion of their humour, and laughed as merrily as they.

As for throwing crockery—tut, tut, I do not believe these orderly, gentle, affable people would ever fling a brick at a neighbour’s love-sick cat.

And as for their English, though I have made fun of it, I think it wonderful in more senses than one. For I am not of the same school of thought in these matters as that English Tommy Atkins reported by De Fonblanque, who, when

Japaneso-English

an Oriental addressed him in his own native tongue, answered: "It's no use your talking to me. I won't have it. I don't understand your d—d lingo, so shut up. But just you listen to me, and if you don't do what I tell you, I'll give you such a hiding as you've never had yet." Then, turning to a British comrade, the Briton remarked: "They're a poor ignorant lot, them Fokees, ain't they, Bill?" Whereunto Bill responds with an assenting sigh of pity and a profound sense of intellectual superiority.

The Inland Sea

THE two days' sail from Kobe to Nagasaki is probably the most glorious water trip the world affords. I had thought the Caledonian Canal fine, and Lock Katrine exquisite, but hereafter when I want a phrase to express the superlative in seascapes I shall quote the Inland Sea of Japan.

The Inland Sea divides the main island of the Empire from the two next largest. It is a hundred and twenty miles wide in some places, and in others no more than a mile. It is thickly studded with small islands of irregular coast-lines, deeply indented with gulfs, bays, and inlets.

There was a day, a mellow October day, when the sweet drowsiness that daily followed lunch was suddenly broken by some wakeful passenger's cries of admiration, and two minutes later every deck chair was empty, the usually deserted bows of the ship were thronged with excited people, and every camera on board was clicking impressions of an enchanted archipelago.

The sky was blue, the sea was blue, the sky not more transparent than the sea. And under the



THE INLAND SEA

The Inland Sea

blue sky the blue sea was jewelled with mosaics of joyous colour, little brown, and grey, and green islands, and delicious beaches shining like golden carpets fringed with silver foam.

The great ship gliding through this fairy maze produced the effect of an immense magic lantern developing marvels and marvels. New horizons unfolded themselves before our gasping gaze unceasingly.

Here a titanic timber torii with swinging coloured lantern of antic form and design, rising from the depths to light and guide the fishermen. Now to the left, hanging on the mountain flank in mussy blur of trees, an ancient temple with attendant shrines, beautiful in their harmonious curve and sweep of eaves and ridges. To the right a green rice-field, rising in terraces up the hill-side, and mirrored deep in the blue water; in the foreground a cart with mule, horse, and steer yoked together; another, smaller, drawn by two dogs.

Further we come to a huddle of fishermen's huts, their meanness veiled by the shadow of fragile palms and feathery bamboos, and an embroidery of cucumbers, dangling like hops from a little forest of poles at least twelve feet high. Then a wild chaos of rocks wrought and fretted by the siege of waves into fantastic caves

Japan for a Week

and grottoes. Then a peaceful beach of crinkly sand, backed by a bouquet of crinkly cedars, under a cloud of crinkly grey, for all the world like a coloured picture on the crinkly crape paper of Japan.

Overhead the sea eagles, brown-mottled and hook-nosed, float and dart wonderfully with motionless outspread wings. On the sea so calmly blue, like some beautiful Italian lake asleep in the sun, lazily drift the fisherfolk's graceful craft.

Quaint and picturesque these boats, like most things Japanese. The first striking characteristic is that they are unpainted. The wood is planed and finished by the careful Japanese carpenters to the smoothness of satin, making varnish, paint, or polish "wasteful and ridiculous excess." The oblong sails are laced together in narrow strips and rolled up like window blinds. There are no rowlocks; the oars are balanced on short wooden pegs, and one wonders how and why they stay.

The customary way to propel a boat is by sculling with a very long, bent oar over the stern, and the Japanese boatmen in this posture look as lithe, and sinewy, and picturesque as Venetian gondoliers. Like all Japanese mechanics they are able to use their toes as supplementary fingers, holding the oar between their toes and moving

The Inland Sea

the boat by powerful action of the leg muscles, while using their hands to steer.

I have seen a squatting man scratch his left knee with his right foot by a slight rotation of his great toe, while clinging with his smaller toes to a railing. This pedal prehensibility seems to be common to most Orientals, and is trained from earliest childhood by the necessity of clinging, like monkeys, to some older relative's back in babyhood. The faculty gives Japanese and Chinese boatmen a grip and firmness of purchase in sculling that I have never seen equalled.

Conversely, the boatman's trade corrects another effect of their baby training, inasmuch as its customary erectness of deportment tends to make them taller than their fellows. Townsmen of sedentary habits, accustomed from babyhood to sit upon the legs bent at the knee, become grotesquely dwarfed in the lower half. But the rickshaw boys, the peasants, and still more especially the boatmen, being used to stand erect, gradually grow out of their original deformity and reach a notably higher stature than their fellows.

I noticed this peculiarity also among the women in the paddy fields ; working side by side with men, almost naked, unsexed, knee deep in the unsavoury manure ditches, they yet showed an

Japan for a Week

unmistakable advantage of womanly form and figure over the dwarf-like little mousmés of the towns.

Another influence which is steadily improving the physique of the nation, according to Mr. Arthur Diósy, is "the naval or military service to which every able-bodied Japanese adult male is liable." This has perceptibly improved the proportions of the Japanese body in recent years.

But to return to the Inland Sea—as return I will some day in bodily earnest, for the glimpses of Paradise vouchsafed to us on the swift-hastening mail steamer were just enough to whet our appetites and make our senses ache for more.

The continually varying charm of the scenery which gladdened our eyes could not be equalled within the same compass in any part of the world.

One of the three capitals of Beauty in Japan (we had time to visit none of them) is the island of Miyajima, in the Inland Sea, which was, of course, invisible from the ship. As neither birth nor death of human kind may pollute the sacred soil of this lovely spot, sick persons and pregnant women are not allowed to remain on the island. And the animals are so sure of their immunity from danger of hurt that the very deer come and feed out of visiting strangers' hands.

But the interest of the Inland Sea is not ex-

The Inland Sea

clusively decorative and sentimental. This sheltered and protected water has been the nursery of the Japanese Navy. Naval experiments and manœuvres are practised here in perfect safety and secrecy.

Quite near to the Sacred Island stands the famous Naval College of Etajima, one of the most practical of the world's training schools for sailors. Close by is the naval station of Hiroshima, the headquarters where the Emperor remained throughout the war with China, and from which the transports for Korea have been despatched in each of the Japanese wars. Here, too, is the magnificent harbour and arsenal of Kure, where, within gunshot of the Sacred Island from which Death is banned, Japan prepares her deadliest death-dealing implements ; Kure's specialities are the largest calibre modern breech-loading guns, and the largest calibre steel shells ; and in the adjoining island of Miyajima gentle piety has taught the deer to feed out of the visitor's hands !

The day of our passage through the Inland Sea must have been specially blessed by Time before it issued from his factory. For the radiant morning and afternoon were closed in with a marvellous sunset. Long after the sun, a glowing ball of fire, had dropped below the watery horizon, the western sky remained a flaming golden glory,

Japan for a Week

suffusing the crinkly grey clouds with reflected splendour to the uttermost verge of the east.

Then followed the magical dusk of an early autumn evening folding earth and sea in tender mystery. Overhead a dazzling mosaic of stars. And through the silence the everlasting ubiquitous creak of the cicada :

“ Faint in the moonshine sounds the chorus of insect-voices :
To-night the sadness of autumn speaks in their plaintive tone.

“ I never can find repose in the chilly nights of autumn,
Because of the pain I hear in the insects' plaintive song.

“ How must it be in the fields where the dews are falling thickly !
In the insect-voices that reach me I hear the tingling of cold.

“ Never I dare to take my way through the grass in autumn ;
Should I tread upon insect-voices, what would my feelings be !

“ The song is ever the same, but the tones of the insects differ,
Maybe their sorrows vary, according to their hearts.”

I think that if I lived in Japan as long as Lafcadio Hearn did, I might grow callous about “ treading on insect voices.” For, as he says, “ in the insect voices that reach me I hear the tingling of cold.”

After a fortnight's enjoyment of their song—
“ ever the same,” as he says—it began to occur to me that the voices of the cicadas wanted oiling.

.
Next day we reached Nagasaki, the Nangasac

The Inland Sea

of *Gulliver's Travels* and the home of Pierre Loti's *Madame Chrysanthème*. Though it was the first Japanese port open to European trade and influence, it remains wonderfully and beautifully Japanese.

But the European influence has left its mark. Nagasaki was the scene of my first disagreement with the rickshaw men ; contact with Europeans has taught them here the ungentle art of overcharging.

Another and more piquant proof that civilisation is advancing in this corner of Japan is the establishment of *Madame Chrysanthème* as a branch of local industry ; so many foreigners on landing at Nagasaki have asked to be shown where Pierre Loti's heroine lived that the guides and rickshaw boys have manufactured quite a legion of the lady, each guide and rickshaw boy keeping his own, whom he introduces to the pilgrims on commission.

The Japanese are a simple people. But they are learning.

And now, regretfully, with more of a pang at parting than I have ever felt in leaving a foreign land, I bid them good-bye. Good-bye, the crinkly trees, the crinkly clouds, the hump-backed bridges, the tip-tilted torii, the temples and shrines, the good-natured little men, the

Japan for a Week

dainty, smiling mousmés, and the blue sky so deep, so soft.

The band on deck is playing its "auf wiedersehen":

"Wenn i' komm, wenn i' komm, wenn i' wiederum komm."

I wonder whether *I* ever shall come back, whether I shall ever see this beautiful land in its spring toilet of plum and cherry blossom, in the fragrant ardours of its summer.

Unlikely, alas! But hope is cheap.



LAST VIEW OF NAGASAKI

Shanghai

SCARCE out of sight of the last of the islands that guard the entrance to Nagasaki, the amethyst sea changes to ambergris and then by degrees to a muddy lemon colour.

The contrast is so striking that one wonders, till some perspicacious person exclaims, "Why, of course, it is the Yellow Sea." Then one wisely says, "Oh, of course," and the phenomenon is explained.

It is only after reflecting that the Red Sea is not red, the Black Sea black, nor the Pacific always as mild as it appeared to Magellan, that one begins to seek for the less obvious reason ; and then it is discovered that nearly all the way from Nagasaki to Shanghai, a distance of 214 miles, the channel is stained to this clayey hue by the drift of alluvium from the Hoangho and Yangtse Rivers. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, year after year, these streams bear down from the highlands in the interior of China sufficient soil to transform the natural colour of multitudinous seas, and this process has been continued

Japan for a Week

presumably through centuries and ages uncountable.

Think of it ! How many millions of millions of tons must have been thus abraded from the territory of China ? Where has it all gone ? And what have the Great Powers been about to let all that land slip through their mailed fists ? Britain, France, Russia, Germany, and Japan have helped themselves with homely friendliness to slices of China, but I question whether any of them have swallowed as much as the sea.

Fortunately, China can spare it. After cutting all its losses the Yangtsekiang still keeps a course of 2900 miles, 2000 of which are navigable. The course of the Hoangho extends over 2000 miles ; it is twenty-one miles wide where it flows into the sea (as wide as the Straits of Dover), and it is a mile and a half wide a thousand miles inland. The two rivers are connected by a canal 700 miles long—a hundred miles longer than the greatest length of the British Islands ! And the two rivers not only afford the most magnificent water communication in existence, but they could also supply anchorage for the whole of the world's navies.

It is needful to get these figures into one's head to obtain an introductory conception of what

Shanghai

China means and what it might mean. If this sleeping giant ever wakes——!

Our first intimation of his waking was the presence of eleven Chinese warships in the roadstead at the entrance of the Wangpoo. They were the escort of Prince Tsu-Huen, uncle of the Emperor, who was to sail by our ship to study the art and craft of naval war in Europe.

Here was civilisation with a vengeance. The Chinese battleships looked to our untutored eyes as trim—and every bit as ugly—as their Western prototypes.

The crews retain their pigtails, wrapped in most cases round their heads in the form of a chignon ; but their new uniforms are built on British models, and the men look natty and business-like.

But we are presently recalled to the fact that China is not awake all through by the announcement that to proceed to Shanghai we must transfer our persons to the mercies of a tossing and tumbling little tender ; for the sleepy Chinese have allowed the silt to accumulate to such an extent that a bar has been formed across the river, and ships of heavy draught can no longer reach the famous depôt of the Yangtse trade. And the twelve-mile passage to Shanghai does not en-

Japan for a Week

courage the belief that China is yet "Europeanised completely."

For on this crowded river we pass by blue, crimson, and yellow tea-boats, junks, dragon craft, and sampans, built on just the same models as were current hundreds of years ago. Here are the high poops, round Dutch sterns, round-houses, and flat sides that we see in pictures of primitive navigation. The forecastle on these Chinese boats really *is* a castle. The ships might have assisted in the Norman Conquest.

The boatmen, generally speaking, are of robust make and great muscular power, stronger than any Asiatics I have seen. Many of them—if you will excuse the Irishism—are women, dressed in dark blue linen shirts and wide trousers; some are young and good-looking, with bright, laughing eyes, white teeth, and jolly red cheeks.

The river flows with a thick stir of life through wide, marshy flats, reminding me of Southend and Canvey Island. The inhabited junks and rafts appear to number hundreds. They say that the population of China includes fully two millions of people who have no other homes than the frail barques on the rivers. This mode of life is said to be conducive to the culture of pigs and ducks. Human babies—especially girls—find it, I understand, not so healthy.

Shanghai

That reminds me :

A German lady in Hong Kong who had a Chinaman as "maid," chanced one day to become possessed of twin daughters. The next time she met her Chinaman he expressed profound sympathy. "Too much girlee," he said ; "cost too muchee ; allee time want nice clothes. Too much boys good, cause they makee muchee money in the banks." Then, with a gesture expressive of wringing a fowl's neck, he suggested : "When too much girlee in China, ling him's neck."

But as the lady decided not to adopt his advice, he added, with a sigh, "Me likee you belly much, but me no likee stay in one place where him gettee two girlee allee same time."

He left on the next day, leaving this testimonial nailed over the kitchen sink for the instruction of his successor : "Lady good allee time ; no scold much loud ; no say cuss words, and no throw things at cook. Eat him all you like and no lock up nothing. Boss smoke him good cigars." And the lady, in telling the story, declared that she fully reciprocated his good opinion.

"I never had a better servant," she reflected, regretfully, "though I must say I did not like his habit of spouting the water from his mouth to moisten the dough when baking."

The first glimpse of Shanghai effectually de-

Japan for a Week

stroys the "foreign" impression produced by the multi-coloured river.

Here is a long line of wharves and warehouses, continued by a fine promenade, all as European—except the bare-legged rickshaw men and the turbaned sepoy policemen—as Bristol and Clifton. These are the English, French, and American settlements, and they wear an air of solid and orderly respectability which is disappointing to globe-trotting curiosity.

The tall, majestic Indian policemen in khaki, with heads bound in yards of crimson cloth, look picturesque enough as they sternly direct the slippery Chinese rickshaw men, and at need even cuff their ears. But this is not what we came out for to see.

Happily we have been told that this is but the outer veneer and gilded fringe of Shanghai. There is also a native town. Where?

We approach one of the stately policemen, who obligingly summons a rickshaw, and in a few minutes we are deposited at the gate of the real Shanghai.

What a sight! and what a smell!

The sultry air, stagnant from the confinement of close-packed and overhanging houses, heated by swarms of hurrying people, is perfumed by the stench of neglected drains, putrid

Shanghai

fish and flesh, garlic, lamp-oil, and stale cabbage water.

The city is a collection of narrow, swarming alleys, two miles square, surrounded by walls twenty-four feet high, and in these kennels the filth and refuse of the city festers and ferments in mud and slush.

The houses are two-story shanties, the lower being occupied as shops. Coloured scrolls, with black Chinese hieroglyphics, project over the thoroughfares, and gaudy lanterns are suspended from the walls.

The narrow, crooked, criss-cross streets or passages—they are not more than six or seven feet wide—offer every variety of occupation. There in the open street the barber has his chair, the cobbler his bench ; artificers in ivory, bone, bamboo, silver, and other metals laboriously ply their trades, scarcely deigning to look up as the foreign devils pass by.

The crowd swarms amazingly, and the children are as thick as the dirt. Here are soldiers in paper helmets and quilted petticoats lazily fanning themselves or kneeling to salute a passing officer ; men balancing baskets or heavy weights such as building stones, at the end of a pole resting on their shoulders ; beggars whiningly display hideous sores and infirmities ; coolies scatter the

Japan for a Week

crowd as they bear a dour-faced bride in a palanquin to her husband's house.

There are vast restaurants where customers partake of unsavoury mysteries more disturbing to the British stomach than all the storms of the raging main. Here is fruitful justification of the Chinese proverb which says that "It is not wise to see" (the wise man might have added, nor to smell) "the place where your pie is cooked."

Bird's nests and shark's fins, and the luscious green sea-slug, I understand, are delicacies reserved for the palates of the rich and noble. The poor rarely taste animal food, and, as in Japan, cannot even afford their own rice. They live, apparently, on messes of carrion, one of their most delectable luxuries being, I am told, a *fricassée* of grasshoppers with boiled bamboo twigs.

Another of the show places of the Chinese city is the temple, a timber structure gorgeously decorated with carved woodwork, all primary reds and greens and gold, all caprice and confusion. Here ceremonies, sacrifices, and dramas alternate unceasingly in honour of the goddess of the seas.

There is also a mandarin's house, with a miniature garden, lake, and bridge, which we are assured is the real original scene of the legend of the willow-pattern plate.

MANDARIN'S HOUSE, SHANGHAI



Shanghai

But over it all—even the mandarin's house—there is an air of squalor and decay which contrasts forcibly with the neatness and order of the Japanese villages. And the odour is distinctly superior.

Yet in these unsavoury surroundings the Cornish lady discovered many treasures of beauty and artistry—porcelain of exquisite delicacy and colouring, perfectly transparent jade stones of a beautiful shade of light green, unique designs in silks and embroideries, vases of metal wonderfully enamelled, fantastic carvings in ivory, etc. etc. “It is an ill wind that blows nobody good”: the ill wind from the gutter kept the good lady moving, else she had been there yet.

Chinese Social Conditions

IT was in Shanghai that I made my first oral acquaintance with that curious *lingua franca* of the Chinese treaty ports known as "Pidgin" or "business" English.

I had been familiar with its literary use ever since I discovered Bret Harte, but had regarded it as extremely improbable. It did not seem likely that any person, especially an ignorant heathen, would take the trouble to learn to say, "This b'long velly bad pidgin," when he might so easily say, "This is a bad business." But here in Shanghai, to my infinite wonder and delight, the itinerant pirates who swooped down on the ship were actually and beautifully offering their wares in "Pidgin."

"This Number One lace, missy, b'long velly good, pay my six dollar. You give one dollar? Oh, no can do, missy. This top-side lace savee? You talkee my how much you give, missy? One dollar? No; you makee laugh. I bling him one-dollar lace chop-chop allee samee. No? No wantchee? Alle lightee: you takee; pay

Chinese Social Conditions

my one dollar, savee ? This b'long velly cheap. Nice morning. Good-bye ! ”

As the Cornish lady bestowed her gracious but thrifty patronage of curious inquiry and inspection upon every slit-eyed pirate that came on board, and as she invariably tendered apparently derisive offers without in the least intending to buy, it was my privilege to hear a good deal of “Pidgin English” during our visits to Chinese ports.

The pirates always expressed the most profound astonishment at her offers, and would appeal to me to “talkee she” into reason. But as they usually ended by accepting the tender, the already large bump of caution in that Cornish lady's head gradually and steadily developed till at last she would counter a demand for gold pieces with an offer of as many “cash,” which are small brass discs with a square hole in the centre worth about a thousand to the dollar.

Still protesting that they were ruined, the pirates still accepted, and the conviction was eventually borne in upon me that the artistic treasures hawked aboard ship in the treaty ports by Chinese pirates are literally priceless, and their value fabulous.

The European traders in the Far East with whom I talked, all agreed that every Chinaman

Japan for a Week

is a born business man. "It is impossible to cheat a Chinese child," said the representative of a bank. Another said, "The Japanese can 'best' most people, but a Japanese can't cheat a Chinese." All protested that the Chinese were scrupulously honest—keen as Yorkshire at a bargain, but leal to their word when once they have been persuaded to give it, as Achates was to Æneas.

"You don't need a signature from a Chinese merchant," I was told; "his word is as good as cash in hand."

Our traders, as I have previously signified, compare the Chinese and Japanese in this respect to the latter's grievous disparagement. "Hence," observes Chamberlain, "the wide divergence between the impressions of the holiday-making tourist and the opinions formed by the commercial communities at the open ports."

Yet in regard to the lower order of Chinese traders I heard many stories suggesting that the spirit of Ah Sin is not yet altogether quenched.

I was told of a Chinese gardener who insured for a good sum a house that had no existence. Then he drove a lot of piles into the ground to represent the foundations of a large building, charred the piles at the top to represent the

Chinese Social Conditions

marks of the devouring element, threw some smashed crockery about to stand for the remains of his combusted household furniture, and went round to collect the insurance money. But the European office noticed, in its own silent way, that the grass was growing luxuriantly all over the site of the conflagration ; there were no ashes, and the iron bedstead and the kitchen grate and the saucepan and the poker all had burned away so completely that there were no signs of them left. Then the office gave the insured into custody.

I was shown shops in the Chinese quarter bearing an inscription on their lanterns to the effect that " they do not cheat here," evidently to combat the more probable belief that they do. And I was assured that no purchaser who would be just to himself ever buys anything in China without trying it with his own weight or measure.

Many a foreigner has bought what he believed to be a capon, and found on leisurely examination that he had only secured the skin of one, adroitly stuffed ; or he has paid for a ham and found it a gammon, from which he could slice nothing but chips.

Still, it is only fair to mention that some things are said to be very cheap in China. In

Japan for a Week

the Chinese courts of justice, for instance, witnesses can be hired at fivepence apiece to testify on either side of the question at issue, or on both sides for sevenpence halfpenny. This surprises visitors from England, where everybody speaks the truth.

That honesty is the best policy is attested by the fact that while the 900,000 Chinese live in unsavoury hovels and do all the dirty work, the three or four thousand British and Germans who "officer" and "oversee" the factories, customs, and all military and naval concerns, dwell on the Bund in stone mansions surrounded by flowery compounds.

On one side the palaces, green lawns, and flower beds, statues and electric lights. On the other side of the narrow ditch at the end of the Rue Montauban, filth, beggary, and decay. The progressive British establish a spacious, breezy racecourse, polo grounds, cricket pitches, and golf links. The conservative Chinese religiously preserve their frowsy, musty, old joss houses, moss-grown Buddhas, and squalid pagodas.

In the Maloo road one sees English ladies driving out in sumptuous British broughams and landaus with richly uniformed Chinese servants on the box, while the native runners, porters, coolies, and rickshaw men are bullied



NATIVE CITY. SHANGHAI

Chinese Social Conditions

and cuffed out of the way by the stately red-turbaned Sikh policemen.

In the Chinese section are no broughams or landaus. The people of the country proceed on foot with the pull-man-car behind them, and are, apparently, very well content to earn ugly messes of rice and oil by acting as beasts of burden to the "foreign devils." The pay of masons, carpenters, etc., is ninepence *per day*!

The good-humour of the crowd is remarkable. The common people—they are mostly men, for not many Chinese women are to be seen in the streets—habitually wear "the smile that won't come off." Their faces strike one as intelligent—surely more intelligent than the common ruck in a European town. Also, in spite of their poverty and dirt, they look more lithe and physically fit than our masses.

Their features and complexion approximate more nearly to the Caucasian type than those of the Japanese, and a Chinaman wears European garb more becomingly than the sons of Nippon.

The wide cheek-bones and oblique eyelids of the race become less pronounced in the upper classes, and I saw several men who might easily have passed for English except for the scarcity of hair on the face, and, of course, the pigtail.

Japan for a Week

This appendage, which was forced upon the Chinese three hundred years ago by the conquering Manchus as a mark of subjection, is now become the most cherished and universal of personal adornments. I have seen coolies carefully plaiting their glossy black hair while waiting to discharge cargo or carry coal, and when they start work they twist the tresses round their heads to save them from disarrangement. The man whose hirsute tail touches the ground is evidently the object of admiration or envy, and he whose hair is short artfully supplements it with braided black twine and ribbons. The cutting of the pien-tze is, I am assured, the worst disgrace that can be put upon a felon, and most criminals would prefer to lose their ears or nose, or both.

Next to the pigtail, the most strikingly ethnological feature of the people is the distortion of the women's feet.

It is true that the little girls of the lower and middle classes are usually spared the torture of learning to write. But by way of substitute, they spend the period between their sixth and tenth years in getting their feet distorted, in obedience to an edict of the Emperor Cheu, who, to please his wife, Takya, a woman with clubbed feet, decreed that all women in the land should

Chinese Social Conditions

wear shoes like hers. This cruel edict was issued *thirteen hundred years ago*, but the insane and barbarous custom is preserved to this day, in order, according to Professor Douglas, "to act as a restraint on the gadding-about tendencies of women."

The initiation is started, when the girl is about five years old, amidst a pleasure party of relatives, who make a sort of family picnic of it, and feast gorgeously while the child yells.

After the feet have been soaked in intensely hot water and sprinkled with alum, a stout bandage is applied "with all the combined force of two operatives, the child meantime being extended upon the couch and forcibly held by attendants, who do not scruple to stifle the evidences of her suffering with the hand." The four lesser toes are doubled under and confined to the sole, and the bones of the front part of the foot are pushed down by powerful manual traction toward the heel. Finally, the whole is tightly wound laterally as high as the calf, every effort being made to limit motion and blood supply.

Every four or five days during the first month—after that, once in as many weeks—the bandages are loosened, each removal bringing away considerable quantities of exfoliated cuticle and

dead tissue, whereby more or less superficial bleeding is provoked. So, too, there is some ulceration, and not infrequently small patches of gangrene.

From two to five years is required to bring the deformity to the acme of Celestial perfection. During this period the little one is positively never for an instant free from excruciating suffering, and the anguish which condemns her to spend alike her sleeping and her waking hours in a recumbent position with legs dangling over the hard edge of the couch—that circulation may be impeded sufficiently to benumb the parts—may better be imagined than described. The cries of the poor victims undergoing the cruciate process may often be heard in the streets.

Never by any accident are the feet permitted to touch the ground, and by disuse and lapse of time the calf of the leg shrivels up, the muscles from the knee down become flabby and incapable of responding to efforts of the will.

When the work is completed the shoe of the belle, which is very high-heeled, is four inches in length and two in width.

The women walk as on pegs; the poor being less elaborately tortured are able to move about with comparative ease; but the ladies, or

Chinese Social Conditions

“golden lilies,” as their Chinese admirers call them, are practically debarred from walking at all.

The ladies are all painted, with thick layers of pearl powder on the forehead, vermilion on the lips, jet on the eyebrows, and rouge upon the cheeks. They permit their nails to grow several inches long, carrying them in a sheath of bamboo. Their coarse, shining, rolled hair is invariably pinned in masses to the top of the head. They wear trousers and blouse, usually of shiny black silk, and look, to my eyes, as fascinating as policemen. When their day dress becomes shabby, it is simply transferred to the night shift; there is absolutely no difference between the walking and sleeping apparel.

The faces of boys are painted also, and the sons of rich parents are encumbered with such an equipment of fantastic caps and cumbrous clothes that one marvels to see them able to move. Here is the description of the hero in a Chinese novel :—

“There came out a youth of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed in violet robe with an elaborate cap on his head. His vermilion lips, brilliant white teeth, and arched eyebrows gave him the air of a charming girl. So graceful and airy are his movements, that one might well ask whether he be mortal or a heavenly spirit. He looks like a sylph formed of the essence of

Japan for a Week

flowers, or a soul descended from the moon. Is it indeed a youth who has come out to divert himself, or is it a sweet perfume from the inner apartment?"

Had Huckleberry Finn been adopted by the Chinese aristocracy he would have incontinently hanged himself.

But Huck, though turned into a "sylph or sweet perfume from the inner apartment," might have found homely comfort in another Chinese peculiarity. As the Chinese always wipe their hands on their sleeves, and never change their dress from motives of cleanliness; as they wear the same night and day, and as there is no washing machine, no washing, and but an infrequent dipping of the garment in lye—the presence even of a grandee may be detected by more than one of the senses.

I have heard it whispered that the multitudinous vermin infest even the "sylphs" and "sweet perfumes" of the highest classes.



A STREET SCENE IN SHANGHAI

Barbarism and Civilisation

LIKE everybody else, we had heard and read of Chinese ingenuity in the more or less gentle art of criminal dissuasion, but we had not expected to be treated to visual illustration. We knew that the Chinese were still barbarians in these matters—almost as barbarous as our own forefathers of two hundred years ago—but we did not know that casual globe-trotters would be invited to the free list at the torture entertainments.

Conceive then our surprise when, at a turn of a tortuous alley in the Old Town, next door, as it were, to the shops and restaurants and temples, we suddenly came upon the spectacle of two manacled prisoners in a wooden pen like the enclosures in English cattle markets, enjoying the entertainment known as the cangue.

The cangue is a heavy square board, with an opening for the head, fitted to the shoulders of the criminal, and worn unceasingly night and day throughout the term of his sentence. The men we saw had been convicted of theft,

and were doomed to two months' exposure in this public place under the torture of this curious device. They seemed merry enough, and laughingly turned their backs to our kodaks, but we were assured afterwards that they would gladly have allowed themselves to be photographed had we thought to bestow the ingratiating customary tip.

Another ingenious form of punishment explained to us by our guide consists of a timber cage, with opening for the head and a rest for the feet on a pile of stone slabs. The criminal convicted of an offence such as robbery with violence is made to stand upon this foot-rest with his neck secured in the upper board, and day by day the height of the foot-rest is reduced, with the result that the poor wretch is slowly stretched and strained till at last his toes can no longer touch the ground, and he is left hanging by the throat.

He told us of slow starvation imposed on criminals; of pains arising from the cramped position in which the ropes and chains retain their arms and legs; of the heavy drag of the iron collars on the bones of the spine; of the creeping vermin that infest every place; and also of the beatings and tortures which the prisoners are from time to time taken away to

Barbarism and Civilisation

endure, returning with bleeding legs and bodies, and so weak as to be scarcely able to crawl.

We learned further that "there is a small maggot which appears to infest all Chinese prisons; the earth at the depth of a few inches swarms with them; they are the scourge most dreaded by the poor prisoners. Few enter a Chinese gaol who have not on their bodies or limbs some wounds, either inflicted by blows to which they have been subjected or caused by the manner in which they have been bound. Bound and helpless, the poor prisoner cannot save himself from the maggots' approach, and if they once succeed in reaching his lacerated skin, there is the certainty of a fearful, lingering, and agonising death before him."

I had read aforetime that in the provincial gaols the condition of the wretched culprits is even worse, and that after the taking of Canton by our troops in 1859, prisoners were dragged out of one prison who had been lying by the side of a corpse in an advanced state of decomposition, in a foul, dark den, so pestilential that our soldiers only found it possible to endure it for a moment.

Discussing these records with an Englishman living in China, I was told of executions where the culprit is fastened to a cross and hacked to

death by cuts varying in number from eight to a hundred and twenty, made first on the face and fleshy parts of the body, and terminating with a stab through the heart, after which the limbs are divided from the bleeding and mangled trunk. The *Pekin Gazette* reported ten such executions in one year, and in one case the sufferer was a lunatic.

At the time of our visit the *Times* correspondent in Shanghai reported that a Chinaman was kidnapped in the foreign settlement by the runners of the Chinese magistrate of the native city, in connection with an unimportant land dispute. The man had appealed for protection to the municipal authorities, and as a punishment for this he was condemned to receive four thousand blows with a bamboo!

A significant feature of the incident is that punishment by the bamboo was solemnly abolished by the Imperial Edicts of April and October, 1905. "The Reform Edicts which have been blazoned forth to the world as evidence of a new order of things," said the *Times* correspondent, "are thus ignored under the very eyes of the foreigner for whose edification they are perhaps chiefly intended. What is likely to be their value in more remote parts of the Empire?"

Barbarism and Civilisation

Reports tell of thirty-six men beheaded on one day at Canton *for robbery*.

Witnesses in the courts are still subjected to painful and revolting tortures, designed to extort evidence—tortures resulting in permanent injury to knee-joints, fingers, and ankles of innocent persons. Death sometimes releases the victims from their miseries, but, says Professor Douglas, “as a rule life is preserved at the expense of crippled limbs.”

During the war with Japan a Chinese officer, Captain Tso-Ving-Liu, was accused of surrendering a victualling convoy to the enemy and of running away at the battle of Yalu. The accused was brought into the great square of the village of Yo-Ki-Li, near Mukden, with a board around his neck spiked with little pointed nails, which at the slightest movement penetrated and tore the flesh. Before a staff of officers, including a German named Vogt, he was subjected to tortures so revolting, that the mere description of them is more than I dare inflict on an English reader.

Mr. Charles Hannan, in *The Captive of Peking*, gives this picturesque and imaginative instance of Chinese fiendishness :

“In a third torture, that of the White Bird, the prisoner is bound in a sitting posture at the foot of a

Japan for a Week

tree. His ankles are secured in a species of stocks. He can see his legs as far as the ankles, but he cannot see what goes on at the other side of the stocks where his feet project. A little distance above the toes a little rod of wood, like a bird's perch, is placed. On the perch is a white bird with a strong and piercing beak. In that position it is starved, until sooner or later it begins to eat the toes and feet of the agonised victim."

Europeans tell how they have seen a woman bound in a sitting posture over a rapidly-growing bamboo-shoot, and forty-eight hours later the tip came out of her mouth; yet the miserable creature had been alive for a quarter of that time. A nun who was ten years ago residing at Ching-kiang had no finger or toe nails; they had years before been removed by wooden pegs tapped gently under them, the period of torture extending over weeks. Eyes have been burned out by focussing the sun on them with magnifying-glasses, molten lead has been used as a "hair-restorer," and the comparative strength of two horses has been tested by attaching one to each leg of a living man. The flesh has been completely boiled from the hand, and the breaking strain of human bones, including the skull, has been tested to a nicety by experiment on live subjects.

I am assured that in such cases the victims of torture have usually been able to secure early

Barbarism and Civilisation

unconsciousness by bribing their gaolers to give them opium. But even then——!

Lèse-majesté is an offence even more fearsome in China than in Germany. The *Pekin Gazette* lately reported the condemnation for this crime of a reckless journalist, who, in referring to the careers of certain historical Emperors, omitted to add to their names the full titles to which they are entitled according to Celestial etiquette. The offender was speedily reminded of his forgetfulness, and sentenced to undergo the penalty of high treason, involving something exceedingly unpleasant in the way of punishment, in which all his children were to share. With unusual clemency, however, the Son of Heaven commuted this punishment to simple decapitation; and the Chinese Conservators are said to have been more distressed by the weakness of their Imperial Master than by any recent concessions to “foreign devils.”

As regards cruelty to animals, the recently-formed Animals Protection Society has, in Shanghai, convicted Chinamen of plunging half-bled-to-death ducks into boiling water to make the feathers come out easily; tarring and burning live rats; skinning rabbits alive; breaking bullocks' tails to make them walk into the

Japan for a Week

slaughter-house, and killing turkeys by cutting out their tongues.

Before the Society began operations it was not uncommon on country roads to meet frogs without skins, said frogs having escaped from the basket in which they were to journey to market.

Had European interference confined itself to the prevention of such cruelties, and to the cure of ignorance, superstition, poverty, and dirt, Western civilisation and religion would not now be suspected and distrusted as it is. But our methods of conversion have been almost as damnable as the evils they pretended to attack. The missionary has acted, too often, not as a messenger of Christ, but as a drummer of Manchester firms, pledged to force his goods at the cannon's mouth, if need be, on the native population.

Britain started by taking Hong-kong. Russia steadily pushed herself into Manchuria. France took Cochin-China. Japan took Formosa and Korea. Germany seized Kiaochow on the thin pretext that the Chinese had murdered two missionaries of Christ.

The conduct of the forces of civilisation in suppressing the Peking rising is still fresh in our memories.

The correspondent of the *Daily Express* and the *Sphere* (London), Mr. George Lynch, declares

Barbarism and Civilisation

that the savagery was "beyond conception." In an interview with the *Kobe Chronicle* he charged the missionaries with "disgraceful, promiscuous looting, or, at least, profiting from looting":

"The private looting that took place was most successfully exploited by the missionaries. They took possession of big Chinese houses, where they carried on sales of everything they could seize, engaging their converts to bring them in fresh articles from private houses as purchases depleted their stock. I bought a sable coat myself from a missionary for £25 after bargaining with him for some days. I sent home a photograph of one of these gentlemen taken in his "shop" with piles of furs and Buddhas round him, and his converts assisting in the selling. He stood amid the Buddhas like a poulterer selling his pheasants. He had a Chinese there valuing the things. The Chinese put on the full value, and the missionary sold them for one third less."

Dr. Dillon says: "Surely one need not be Puritanical or hysterical to condemn the wholesale ravishing, sometimes to death, of terrified females between the ages of six and sixty. I knew well a man whose wife had been dealt with in this manner, and then killed, along with her child. He was one of the 'good and loyal people' who were on excellent terms with the Christians; but *if he ever gets a chance of wreaking vengeance on the foreigners, he will not lightly let it slip.* I knew of others whose wives and daughters hanged themselves on trees or drowned themselves in

garden wells in order to escape a much worse lot. Chinese women honestly believed that no worse fate could overtake them than to fall alive into the hands of Europeans and Christians."

Dr. Dillon added that "the Powers have been sowing the wind, and the harvest reaped will surely be the whirlwind."

In the Revolution now brewing, that prophecy may be tragically fulfilled. No retaliatory horrors will surprise those who have known the hypocrisies and crimes of "Christian intervention."

But shame for our past will not justify apathy and neglect in the future. Unprincipled European filibusters have sown the wind; it is our duty to stand by and help, whatever the risk, at the coming of the whirlwind.

When that whirlwind has passed, many things and many old institutions will have passed away with it. Then, by the side of the new Japan, we shall find a new China, equally industrious, equally frugal, and perhaps even more intelligent.

The Yellow Peril may not take the form pictured by the German Emperor. But in one form or another it is coming.

China's Awakening

FOR a century past the Chinese have mildly endured the unblushing depredations of European pirates.

Their people say: "Chinaman he velly nice and quiet and no want to fight. Then come him missionaly with big book Bible and top-side Pidgin" (religious converse), "and Chinaman he say nothing. Then come gunboat, and behind it come foleign devil with opium for Chinaman. Mandarin say, 'no opium to-day, thankee allee samee.' But Elopean officer say, 'Yes, yes, you take velly nicee opium, muchee good for Chinaman, goddam.' Then gunboat he spit fire, China towns burn, China men, and women, and childlen catchee die and get one piece coffin. Then Chinaman say: 'Stop. We take opium.' Then foleign devil he say, 'You no want opium? You buy guns and dlive out foleign devils.' Chinaman buy top-side guns and want to take back stolen tellitoly. But guns no go bang, cannons bust up, foleign devils kill muchee more Chinaman, and steal more tellitoly. Chinaman he no likee catchee die allee time. So

Japan for a Week

now he go buy good first chop top-side gun and him no catchee die no more."

It has taken the Chinese rulers an amazingly long time to reach this recognition that their wisdom and learning, their naval and military methods are not absolutely the best possible in their best of all possible countries.

Here is an Empire which was old and learned ere Christianity had begun to be ; an Empire which has preserved the records of its dominion and the integrity of its name for a period of three thousand years anterior to our era ; an Empire which has arrogantly proclaimed its independence of every nation in the world while the most powerful dynasties of remote and modern ages have dwindled into nothingness ; an Empire whose philosophers in times anterior to our history taught the principles of evolution, describing how elementary man, half animal, half human, dwelt in caves, climbed trees like the apes with whom he struggled for existence, and triumphed over his enemies through the usefulness of his hands and the invention of his brains, which transformed him, as Carlyle has it, into a tool-using animal.

The philosophers and inventors of China materially contributed to civilise Europe and America by the discovery of writing, of litho-

China's Awakening

graphy, and the use of movable wooden types, of astronomy, the mariner's compass, gunpowder, sugar, silk, porcelain, the smelting and combination of metals, etc. etc.

But though Chinese philosophy and invention were once far in advance of the rest of the world, the ruling classes of the country have been so long stagnant under the petrified conceit of their rulers that it has become an Empire '*pourri* and *pour rire*, the cruel oppressor of helpless millions and the butt and mock of every "civilised" brigand.

It is fallen into uselessness and decay because it has failed to follow the progress of ideas. Instead of adapting its excellences to the world's changing conditions, it refused to admit that any excellence could exist outside of itself. It ignored the fact that what may be the height of wisdom in one generation may be the depth of folly in the next.

The scholars of China refused to learn anything of the development of human intellect from the march of events.

For century after century it has been regarded as the proof of wisdom and learning in China to be able to recite, parrot-wise, volumes of the wisdom of Confucius.

And the great Confucius, wise as he was, made

one mistake—a mistake repeated in our own time and in our own climes by many that are regarded as great, notably, amongst others, by the great Bismarck—the mistake of arrogantly despising the “foreigner,” rejecting all wisdom and all virtue except his own country’s wisdom and virtue.

“Beware of the foreigner,” said Confucius, and the Manchus still repeat the cry. They are convinced that China is the light of creation and the most powerful Empire in the world. They have proved utterly incapable hitherto of realising that their sun is setting; or that they have anything to learn from “the foreign devils.”

I have heard incredible stories as to the ignorance of their commanders up to the time of the first war with Japan.

Dr. Morrison, the famous correspondent of the *Times* in Peking, tells of a Viceroy, a famous general whose “strength lay in his ability to show by quotation from the classics that the enemy’s tactics were not in accordance with the military precepts laid down in the time of Confucius.”

A successful candidate for office has left upon the records of literature a History of China’s wars against England and France, which may be taken as fairly representing the belief of millions of Chinese even at the present day concerning their country’s relationship to European Powers.

China's Awakening

The preamble of the History sets forth that "in the fifth moon of the tenth year of the reign of Hien Fung, the wisest and greatest Emperor the world has yet known, if we except the Lord who now reigns, and who is to all his predecessors as the sun is to a paper lantern, it was determined by the Emperor, whose heart was big, and who loved his people, to drive out of his dominions, which means from off the face of the world, all foreign devils and barbarians, who, by cunning devices and falsehoods, had gained admission into the land.

"Now, these foreign devils and barbarians became afraid, and they prepared a humble petition, praying to be allowed to send deputies to offer tribute and submission to the Ruler of the Universe.

"When the Lord of Ten Thousand Years heard of this audacious request, his anger was aroused, and he ordered that when these foreigners came they should be slain.

"It is true, and all men should know, that far away across a sea which the stupid barbarians call the Red, because its waters are blue, there are some islands inhabited by savages, who are called English, French, American, and other vile names. These islands are remote and very poor, so much so that, although under the Imperial sceptre, the

Japan for a Week

Ruler of the World had taken pity on them and allowed their people to dwell in peace and piggishness."

When these foreign devils dared "to approach the shores of the Empire," "the Lord of the Universe was wroth," but "allowed the red devils to approach, even to the gates of the Celestial City, when the braves could no longer repress their courage, but fell upon them and destroyed them all, excepting a few who were sent as prisoners to Tien-tsin." And that is the record of our wars according to the Chinese.

Those who have heard of our possessions on the coast account for our presence in the country by the theory that we are compelled to send some of our people to China to kotow and pay tribute to the Lord of the Universe!

In the first war against Japan two Chinese generals commanding 1100 Chinese soldiers on a British transport, insisted on fighting a Japanese cruiser which carried two 26-cm. twenty-eight-ton Armstrongs and six 15-cm. five-ton Krupps. German officers who had been drilling the Chinamen pointed out that the Japs' heavy guns were bound to sink the Chinese transport. The Chinese generals replied that they had 1100 men on board as against the Japs' 350, and were therefore bound to win. Finally, in spite of all argu-

China's Awakening

ment, they opened fire, and, of course, the trader was sunk with all on board.

Another Chinese general, after enduring a succession of thrashings for many months, issued a manifesto in the manner of Herald Montjoy's address to Henry V on the eve of Agincourt, blandly assuring the Japanese that nothing could save them from annihilation at his hands unless they peacefully surrendered while there was yet time. And on the next day the Japanese answered as the English answered the Dauphin's challenge, by the wholesale slaughter of that Chinaman's irresistible legions !

"A Chinaman," said Laurence Oliphant, "has a wonderful command of feature ; he generally looks most pleased when he has least reason to be so, and maintains an expression of imperturbable politeness and amiability when he is secretly regretting that he cannot bastinado you to death."

I wonder whether the Chinese general "lost his face" when he saw his vaunted warriors take to their heels, as they did at the first onset of the Japanese. Probably if he had been "interviewed" on the subject he would have explained with a pleased smile that it was all a misunderstanding—that his bloodthirsty desperadoes had only shown their heels to the Japanese because they had not noticed them.

Japan for a Week

When the Chinese peace envoys arrived at Hiroshima, their credentials made no reference to the war, and the envoys themselves professed the blindest ignorance of their nation having experienced any defeats. They "kept their faces" to such an extent that they were sent back to complete their education, the Japanese finding it impossible to negotiate with such imperturbable unconsciousness !

In all but the military towns, the man-in-the-street was not even aware that his country was at war. Those who were better informed believed that Russia was the assailant ; others again believed the enemy to be French. And if they were told that the Japs were their opponents, they laughed and predicted the speedy overthrow of so contemptible a foe. As for the Japanese victories, they simply did not believe them ; or if they did, they pretended they did not.

Their newspapers sustained the popular illusion with the greatest sang-froid to the end, for " it is strictly prohibited to hint that the Chinese are not the greatest nation on earth."

When the Japanese went to war with Russia, the Chinese laughed more than ever. Englishmen in Shanghai tell me that even now the majority of the Chinese regard the Japanese as fools for making themselves bankrupt to fight the white

China's Awakening

devils. "The Chinese way has ever been to let the white men come, and then they proceed to swamp them. Their uncounted millions have absorbed invader after invader. Some years ago a band of Jews arrived, but these also have been swallowed up. One finds swarms of them in inland towns," said my informant; they wear pigtails like the Chinese, and are altogether indistinguishable from the Chinese—except by their noses and their keenness at a bargain."

But the scramble of the Powers for the Empire's rich central wealth of coal, iron, and gold; their frantic intrigues to possess themselves of railway and mining concessions; their frenzied efforts to make China borrow money from them; and the continued presence of 200,000 Russian soldiers in Manchuria, have roused the sleepy Chinese mandarins at last, and awakened them to the necessity of fighting Europeans with their own weapons.

The famous Chang-chi-tung began by introducing universal military training in Hunan province. General Yin Chang has proposed a limited conscription. Yuan Shi-Kai has tried to organise an army. So far the efforts of these eager spirits have been discouraged by the inveterate Chinese placidity, the general contempt for the trade of arms, and lack of race pride

Japan for a Week

which we call patriotism. Yuan-Shi-Kai was further discouraged by an attack of "rheumatism in the leg," which suddenly compelled him to leave the country. But there is reason to suspect that the leg trouble from which he suffered is the sort that former Chinese Governments have been used to cure by amputation at the neck; and Yuan-Shi-Kai's escape in one piece is in itself a proof of progress.

I lay a-thinking over these things on a sultry, drowsy October afternoon in Shanghai, when my postmeridional forty thinks were rudely disturbed by a furious crackling of artillery.

Could *this* be the Awakening of China?

As a matter of fact, it was; and it seemed to me at the moment that it might have been better timed. I loathe people whose selfishness or vanity prompts them to get up at inconvenient hours and rouse the whole neighbourhood to see them do it.

When I had recovered my composure I dragged my wilted frame to the ship's side and surveyed the offing. The Chinese fleet was blazing and spluttering in a frenzy of pyrotechnic crepitation by way of parting salute to H.I.H. Prince Tsu-Huen on his departure for Europe.

For hours before he arrived on board our ship,

China's Awakening

barges and coolies were busily occupied in conveying his multitudinous baggage to our deck, addressed to "H.I.H. Prince Sunh, Chinese Legation, Vienna."

Then came lavish consignments of flowers for the decoration of the captain's quarters, which had been given up for his reception.

Finally, when the ship's deck had been duly carpeted and the ship's officers drawn up in line along the passage through which he was to walk, a smart little tender manned by Chinese man-o'-war's men in British uniforms, with pigtails wrapped chignon-wise under their caps, drew briskly alongside, and His Imperial Highness, distinguished by a huge diamond in his head-dress, stepped up the carpeted gangway.

I caught a glimpse of a heavy but good-humoured face, clean shaven, and a lithe though stoutish figure clad in rustling silken robes, and lo, behold! he had vanished to the upper deck never to appear again through the six weeks of our travelling together.

The uncle of the Emperor was proceeding to Europe to study naval architecture.

Our princely passenger—the imminent representative of what the Kaiser first called the Yellow Peril—had the upper deck of a German ship exclusively reserved to him, and we petty

Japan for a Week

men, who had paid first-class fares for the usual "run of the ship," were politely notified to peep about to find ourselves dishonourable rest out of the Prince's august range. But Germans are disciplined to unquestioning acceptance of Authority's orders, and the Prince's sacred privacy was respected.

The Princely Presence had compensating advantages. It invested our voyage with unique distinction. It transformed a journey into a State triumph. It was the pleasing cause that at every port the waters were gay with decorated sampans, the quays lined with sumptuous rickshaws and carriages and cheering peoples. We were boarded and fêted by an infinitude of prancing pro-Consuls and gubernatorial persons in cocked hats and clanking sabres; waited on by grave and stately processions of Celestial Grand Panjandrams with little round buttons and peacock feathers on top; saluted by salvoes of artillery from the fleets of all nations. I had never before felt so much like a Royal Procession.

Moreover there were the mandarins of the princely suite who shared with us the accommodation of the saloons and promenade deck. All of them spoke English fluently, and most of them spoke freely. Despite their peacock feathers and little round buttons of crystal, coral, or lapis-

China's Awakening

lazuli, they were, for the most part, comfortable and companionable men, always accessible and amenable to the question. With them, and also with the naval cadets (in European costume) and their scholarly teacher who travelled second-class, I held much profitable converse.

The most fascinating personality on the ship proved also the most elusive. This was Admiral Sah, a slim, sleek, sly Oriental man, smooth as oil, uncannily suave, and inscrutable as the Sphinx. There was something mysteriously attractive and memorable in his sensitively ascetic and delicately alert countenance, his lithe grace of step, and his feline softness of motion.

He became to me a haunting obsession. It seemed that I never looked up from my book without finding him gliding by, with furtive tread, and obsequious bow, a slow, wise smile, and purr of lowly apology.

On many such occasions I tried conversation. But though the Chinese gentleman was always beautifully polite, he always contrived to parry the "leading" questions and to wriggle away without saying anything.

"You have been to Europe before?" I asked on the first of these occasions.

"Yes, I have lived in London," he answered, with the urbanity of a Louis XV *abbé*.

“ And did you like it ? ”

“ Not the climate,” he answered, with a pretty feline shiver. “ It is too cold, and wet, and foggy.”

“ But did you find anything worth copying by China ? ”

“ We find ourselves compelled,” he admitted, smiling deprecatingly, “ to conform in many things to European ways.”

I politely pressed for instances. He diplomatically confined himself to examples of municipal collectivism, expatiated on the advantages of communal service in respect of water supplies, etc., thought China had much to learn from Europe in regulation of traffic, etc. But when I tried to draw him to higher ground he suavely excused himself, ceremoniously saluted, and glided away.

Deep-browed German professors and scientists who tried him at chess in the smoke-room, despairingly pronounced him an invincible wonder, and I imagine that European statesmen must have found him equally difficult in games of statecraft.

I wonder where he was and what he did during the wars against Japan. I remember the case of Admiral Ting who was entreated by Admiral Ito, “ in pure friendship,” to surrender, and who,

China's Awakening

when Wei-Hai-Wei was captured, committed suicide with all his officers rather than face disgrace. Admiral Sah was evidently more fortunate. But how? I would as soon have thought of pulling his pigtail as of asking the question. But when the next war comes—as come it must—I shall look with interest for the chess-board moves of the silently-gliding, urbanely-alert Admiral Sah.

The other mandarins wore their peacock feathers with a difference. Most of them were fat, genial, and jovial. One, a very stout, aldermanic gentleman, with a sleepy, sensual face, and a comical wisp of moustache, spent all the hours between meals in his deck-chair frightening the passing whales and flying fish with the loudest snores ever heard on sea or land.

The Cornish lady christened him the Sea Lion, and when, from time to time, aroused by his own trumpeting, he opened his little blinking eyes and turned his sleepy head from side to side to find out what had woke him, the fitness of the name surpassed all bounds of probability. If there are many mandarins like our dear old Sea Lion the awakening of China will take time.

But the others, and especially the tutor of the cadets, a gentle, thoughtful man, of youthful mien and hoary speech, told of much internal

Japan for a Week

fret and ferment in the Kingdom of Celestial Sleep. Ancient usage and custom are changing, I am assured, much more quickly than is imagined in the West.

At Canton the Government itself has established a cement factory where Chinese workmen under the guidance of German engineers are turning out five hundred barrels of cement per day. The Government works further include an arsenal, a factory of smokeless powder, a mint, and shops for the construction and repair of ships, all equipped with the latest European machinery and appliances. One hundred and twenty Chinese are employed in the same town by a thoroughly up-to-date electric light and power company which claims nearly three thousand customers, and a modern waterworks run entirely by Chinese, supplies seven million gallons of water per day to ten thousand subscribers.

Railways are being built all over the Empire, post and telegraph offices are ubiquitous, steamers on the Chinese seas and rivers are multiplying amazingly, the metric system of weights and measures has been officially adopted.

Educational effort of the Western kind has its centre in Peking, and the provincial capitals are following the lead. An English professor of political economy has been appointed in the

China's Awakening

newly established University of Peking. Schools are springing up in Nanking, Soochow, Hangchow, Canton, and other great cities. As many as thirteen hundred students have been sent in one year to Tokyo, about five hundred to America, and as many more to Europe. The daughters of rich families are being sent abroad in large and increasing numbers to be educated, and these lady students, on their return, play havoc with the country's ancient marriage customs.

These quaint observances have often been described, but for the sake of completeness I recapitulate the most piquant. There is, for instance, that clause of the Chinese marriage laws whereby a husband may obtain a divorce from his wife for "garrulousness," while the wife may not have a divorce under any conditions whatever.

There is the pleasant custom, peculiar to certain districts of China, whereby the mother, immediately after the birth of her child, proceeds about her ordinary domestic duties, what time "*the father goes to bed with the infant for a month!*"

There is the wise and prudent rule that sends a Chinese bride to the wedding with the oldest and ugliest women of the neighbourhood as her

Japan for a Week

attendants, to prevent the bridegroom from making any mistake.

When the bride is carried into her husband's house, she is lifted over a pan of burning charcoal placed at the threshold, and Sir John Lubbock states that this ceremony is intended as a hint to the lady that for the future she should stay at home, and not face the dangers of recrossing the threshold ; but this ceremony is not as effective a means to that admirable end as the crippling of female children's feet.

There is the fact which will strike many English husbands as a notable convenience that "it is contrary to etiquette for a husband and wife ever to appear together in public."

There is the agreeable social rule which prohibits a bride from eating anything in her husband's presence, but compels her to remain silently exposed to the scrutiny and criticism of her guests, what time the husband—good man !—"enjoys the dainties provided as his appetite may suggest."

There is also the amusing custom in some parts of the country by which "the bride must sit up late into the night *answering riddles propounded to her by the guests.*"

There are other marriage laws so harsh and repellent that eight young girls of Canton pre-

China's Awakening

ferred to tie themselves together and face death by drowning rather than accept the bondage to which they had been affianced.

A German lady who had lived many years in China, and who told me of this tragic instance, also told me of an association of Chinese New Women, called the Society of Sisters, who have organised a revolt against the tyranny of the Chinese marriage laws; laws which, like the custom of Japan, make the girl the slave of her husband during his lifetime, and of her son afterwards. The husband's parents, as in Japan, can compel him to divorce her even though he love her; and if children are denied her, the husband may bring to her house a concubine whose children she is expected to treat as her own.

The Sisters have organised "a Marriage Strike" against these laws and customs, and the movement has spread from Canton through the whole province of Kwang-tung. Girls who dare not or will not disobey their parents—filial piety, as in Japan, is the holiest law of life—are pledged not to touch food while in the husband's house after marriage, nor to allow him to approach; and when on the third day they return home to visit their parents, in accordance with Chinese custom, they are bound by the rules of the Society not to go back to the husband.

Japan for a Week

Many of the Sisters have been well educated in the new schools ; most of them are competent to earn their own living ; some of them even help the husband with means to set up another household ! The organ of the Feminist Reformers, the *Sin Chew Ki* or *New Age of Canton*, describes this as " the very pity of contempt." I note incidentally that this same paper charges the men and women of advanced education with still commending to the lower order traditions and shackles which they themselves have discarded ; " but," says the writer, " the common people are not to be taught in that way. What their masters reject, they quickly relieve themselves of. There are many signs of this general disaffection. Nothing could cause greater alarm to the reigning dynasty, nor raise higher hopes in those who have dreams of a new China."

The new China ! Four hundred millions of people—half as many again as the population of all Europe—stretching their limbs and rousing their faculties to a new dawn ! What will be the effect on the world's history of the Awakening of China ? " With such a country and such a people—a country rich in undeveloped resources, and a people possessed of every good quality," says Sir Robert Hart, " the future before the Empire cannot be other than great." A Chinese

China's Awakening

bonze, quoted by a recent writer on China, predicts the downfall of the white race and the exaltation of China as the result of the latter's adaptation of herself to what he calls "the inventive age," and he ends with the warning: "Look to yourselves."

Is the Awakening of China Peril a serious menace to Europe?

I looked at the eager, alert faces and sturdy, athletic figures of the twenty-four naval cadets whom we were conveying to England to be instructed in the arts and secrets of our naval supremacy, and I wondered.

Who knows what future Nelson or Fisher of the China Seas may be hatching in that brood?

I asked one of them why they, the only Chinese I had seen without pigtails, had discarded that patriotic appendage.

"It is in the way for work," he said.

"But," I objected, "no man may be a mandarin without a pigtail."

"Ah," he answered, with a significant smile, "by the time we are old enough to be mandarins the shoulders of Chinese mandarins may have lost more than pigtails."

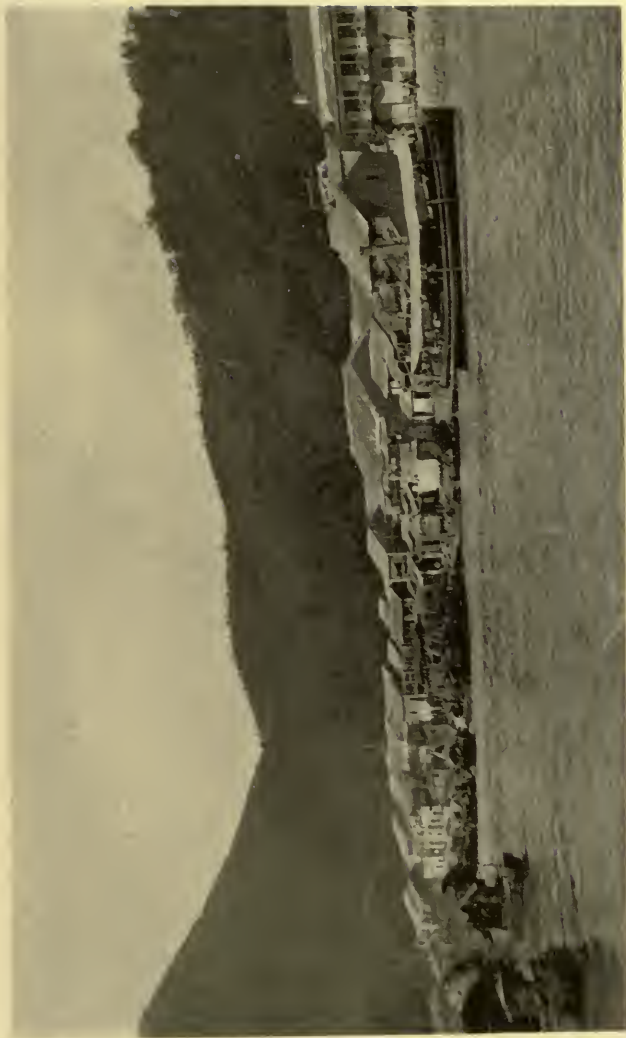
Young China, it would appear, has ideas. Young China has a fearless, nasty way of expressing them.

Japan for a Week

A famous Chinese rebel came on board at one of the ports and craved audience of the Prince. The Prince refused to see him. But I observed that Young China in the second class was less exclusive.

Slumber and waggle your heavy head, good Sea Lion, while you may ! On the Eastern sky I see the ocean quiver to the gleam of a morning ray before whose glow the long night of mists and dreams and terrors must roll away, and heavy, sleepy heads waggling now in sluggish ease will waggle never more.

The hour of awakening is near, Sea Lion ! Young China is knocking at the door to let in the New Day.



ABERDEEN : A CHINESE TOWN NEAR HONG KONG



Hong Kong

WE had been told that our stay in Hong Kong would be limited to a few hours.

“It is an English port,” the steward explained. “English merchants give their trade to English ships. There is nothing for a German ship in an English port.”

A grain of fact is worth a ton of theory, and the steward’s terse summary of long experience struck me as covering a multitude of disputations.

But trade or no trade, our stay in Hong Kong proved longer than the ship’s reckoning. All the way from Shanghai we had been pursued by a stiff breeze, which, on the third day, increased to half a gale. The Cornish lady, better read than I in the lore of the sea, portentously shook her head as she called my attention to the swift roll of the billows, and to a dense wall-like mass of curiously blue cloud with flocculent curves of sinister grey at the edges.

The sun went down fiery red, spreading his rays perpendicularly in the rising swell of the waves. During the night the wind roared with

Japan for a Week

steadily increasing fury, and the rain fell in torrents. Next morning when we reached the ship's deck we found ourselves lying-to at the entrance to the estuary of the Chu-kiang. The captain had attempted to make his way up the river to his wharf, but had been forced to beat back to the wider water at the river's mouth. We had reached shelter just in time to escape the rage of a Chinese typhoon.

This vast gyratory gale has a rotation of two to five hundred miles, and a speed which has been known to reach three hundred miles an hour.

It is recorded of one such cyclone in the China Seas that it swept every native craft along shore except one out of existence, with a loss of one hundred thousand lives.

In 1906 another typhoon killed ten thousand people in the waters of the colony, mostly native boatmen, but also the Bishop of Victoria and the Rev. Dr. Hoare.

Just a year before the date of *our* typhoon, one of the German Lloyd steamers had arrived in Hong Kong with every stairway smashed to matchwood, the saloons a chaos of wreckage, and the terrified passengers imprisoned in their cabins.

By a coincidence the same steamer was again exposed to the full fury of the cyclone, but

Hong Kong

happily reached anchorage without serious hurt a few hours after us.

For twenty-four hours we lay at anchor within a few hundred yards of the shore and within tantalising sight of a tram line to Hong Kong, which we were powerless to reach. Through the long, dreary hours from dawn to sunset we watched the confused mass of white spume raging round our bows, the ceaseless driving sheets of rain, and a howling wind which seemed as perceptible to the sense of sight as of hearing. We bravely tried to beguile the tedious waiting-while with pleasant tales of storms and shipwrecks, but stories which I had been accustomed to regard with deference ever since childhood's happy hour, appeared in this depressing emergency to lose their old-time relish.

The Christian Scientist told of the old lady who, in a storm at sea, appealed in great distress to the captain to ask whether the ship was in danger.

"Well, madam," the captain said, "we must trust in Providence."

"Goodness gracious," the poor old lady cried, "is it as bad as that?"

That reminded the German merchant of the vessel which struck on a rock.

A small boy was clinging to his mother in

Japan for a Week

abject fear until the sight of an approaching tug perked him up.

“Mein lieber Hans,” said the mother, “you must put your faith in Providence.”

“Ja, mutter, I will,” said Hans, “as soon as I get in that other boat.”

As these senile relics of Occidental wit failed to elicit the tearful tribute of sensibility, another German merchant, long established in Hong Kong, told us of some quaint Chinese practices in regard to meteorological phenomena.

The River Gods, the Sea Dragons, and the God of Water are held responsible, it appears, for drought, rain, and storm ; and when they provide the sort of weather required, the Emperor, who claims dominion over the world of spirits, gives them honourable mention in the *Pekin Gazette*, decorates them with titles, and even canonises them. But if the weather supplied does not give satisfaction, he uncanonises and degrades them.

In one case of heavy and disastrous storms, the God of Water was dragged from his temple to the nearest river, where his head was held under water till his breath was supposed to be exhausted, then terrorised by the beating of gongs, and finally dragged back to his temple and solemnly admonished to behave better in future.

Hong Kong

During the first Japanese war a dreadful plague, due to neglect of sanitary arrangements, killed tens of thousands of people in the city and province of Canton, but the only remedy adopted by the authorities was to suddenly declare the beginning of a new year, as it was thought that the wicked spirits which were responsible for the disease would not be allowed to continue their work while the people were busied with New Year festivities.

Our European passengers laughed, as in duty bound, at these instances of Celestial simplicity, till I pointed out that the Chinese were very like the British : we leave great fever-breeding beds to work their devilment in the slums of rich cities, and we do nothing nationally to cure them—except praying.

As for the Chinese Emperor's canonisation of departed spirits, I recalled the Pope's canonisation of Joan of Arc after she had been dead five hundred years ; and the pious acknowledgments of Divine favour by a late ruler of philosophic Germany during the war with France :

“Thank God from whom all blessings flow !
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below.”

I reminded my fellow-passengers that there are individuals amongst our sublimely intellectual Western peoples who call upon the spirits of

Japan for a Week

Cæsars, Shakespeares, and Bonapartes to rap out answers to silly questions about their deceased grandmother or their baby's teething prospects ; that our school-boarded brothers and sisters frequently spend hard-earned sixpences and shillings on astrologers, card-sharpers, and fortune-tellers ; and that even our enlightened clergy have been known to invoke the Eternal Ruler of the Infinite to suspend or divert the order of eternal and infinite laws for the pleasure and profit of influential farmers in a droughty parish.

I called the attention of the Christian Scientist to an announcement in a London paper received by a passenger at Shanghai, to the effect that the prayers of a worshipper amongst the Faith-healers of North London had evoked special Divine intervention to cure him of the habit of lying late in bed in the mornings !!!

Thereupon we unanimously decided that we had no right to laugh at the Chinese practices, and with great propriety went on blaspheming the beastly weather.

Next morning when we arose the howling of the wind had ceased. Dark purple mountains of clouds still tumbled over each other in titanic disorder overhead, the sea's turbulence had not completely subsided, the foam had been lashed into white mist, and the rain continued to pour

Hong Kong

in torrents. But the cyclone was over and we were able to proceed in safety to our anchorage in Hong Kong.

I knew, of course, that Hong Kong was a British possession, but I imagined it to be just a coaling station, a rock like Gibraltar, a mere foothold on the coast of China.

My first surprise came when I discovered that the island has an area of twenty-nine square miles.

The second was the revelation that according to the tonnage of British and foreign vessels entering the harbour, Hong Kong is the principal port in the British Empire! London's entry in 1907 was 11,160,367 tons, Liverpool's 8,167,419. Hong Kong's was 11,441,707!

The harbour, a sheet of landlocked water between the island and the mainland, has an area of ten square miles, and warships flying the pennants of all nations dwarf the rickety junks and coffin-like sampans of the natives on its broad waters. It is not only the largest shipping port in the world, but it has a magnificent naval dockyard, and is the base of the British China Squadron.

Another surprise came in the course of a conversation with a British soldier on the wire-rope tramway which conveyed us to the summit of the peak upon whose face the city of Victoria is

Japan for a Week

built. He was from Sussex and was homesick. He found the heat trying, he did not like the Chinese, and he complained that he did not understand the native money.

“How many of you chaps are here to defend this rock?” I asked.

I think he said there were about two hundred.

“Well,” I said, “you must have pretty easy times of it. How far does the British territory extend?”

And then he delivered the astounding statement that the British colony of Hong Kong extends over “four hundred miles”!

I made inquiries and found that he was right. The island was first “borrowed” by the British in 1840 for use as a store depôt.

In 1842 it was ceded to the British Crown by the Treaty of Nanking.

In 1860 the British “annexed” a strip of the opposite mainland with an area of four square miles.

And in 1898 a further district of 376 square miles was “granted on a ninety-nine years’ lease”!

Verily Pudd’nhead Wilson was right:

“The British are mentioned in the Bible: ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.’”

The size of this “foothold” snatched by our

Hong Kong

meekness from the Lord of the Universe is not its only virtue. Hong Kong is also one of the loveliest spots on earth. It rises in terraces from the sea to the summit of a miniature mountain nearly two thousand feet high. The views of sea and islands, hill and dale, valley and ravine, discovered from the top, are almost as exquisite as the views on the Inland Sea of Japan. The mansions of the merchants on the upper levels are princely. The business city on the lower level stretches along the face of the hill for four miles, and in its central part it is filled with white stone buildings of noble proportions—banks, clubs, hotels, stores, and shipping offices—set in gardens where eucalyptus and banyan trees lift their stately heads over flowering shrubs and wild orchids amid the perfume of frangipanni, jessamine, and roses.

Of the population of 300,000, some 250,000 are Chinese, and the remainder is made up of a wonderful cosmopolitan medley of Malays, Pacific Islanders, negroes, Parsees, Japanese, Arabs, Portuguese, German, French, American, and, of course, British.

The native quarters, as in Shanghai, consist of narrow courts, decayed and squalid, with dirty stone stairways to connect them on the steep hillside. The inhabitants look less wretched and poverty-stricken than in Shanghai, but their

Japan for a Week

tumble-down hovels still make striking contrast to the palatial European quarter.

Despite their shabbiness the bazaars, as in Shanghai, make alluring offer of beautiful things. Here are workers in kingfisher feathers, painters of rice-paper pictures, silk embroiderers, carvers in wood and ivory, painters of dainty porcelain, and there is one street devoted to the makers of curios in jade, the precious stone *par excellence* of the Chinese, whose poets have built their sixth heaven in gold, and their seventh and supreme heaven in jade.

The Chinese population seem to find the heat bracing and work unceasingly. One sees them toiling up the steep hillsides with enormous masses of building-stone slung across their shoulders on a bamboo, or tugging languid sixteen-stone Britons in white clothes and pith helmets in rickshaws and cedar chairs.

That reminds me.

At our first landing in Hong Kong the rain was still falling heavily, and a hot mist rising from the steaming rank vegetation wrapped everything in its muggy embrace. The moist, stifling air, as if exhausted by the violence of the typhoon, seemed incapable of motion ; and so were we.

I knew from the map that the landing-stage was quite near the mile-long arcade of the Queen's

Hong Kong

Road, where the chief stores are situated, but we were not equal to the exertion of walking there.

I hailed two Chinese pirates with rickshaws and politely requested that we might be conveyed to the Queen's Road.

The pirates wrapped and tucked us in as if we were starting for the North Pole, and then proceeded to dash through the driving rain and splashing mud in an easterly direction till we had passed the last of the European shops and landed in a quarter where the houses appeared to have borrowed their architectural inspiration partly from dog-kennels and mostly from birds' nests.

As they seemed disposed to continue right on through the rest of the Chinese Empire, I called a halt, and repeated that what we wanted was Queen's Road, the main street of Hong Kong.

This information appeared to fall upon the pirates as a colossal surprise. They discussed it at great length in Chinese, then, signifying fruitful and perfect understanding, tugged us back again through the rain and mud, past the starting point, and onward in a westerly direction till we reached a part of China where the architecture acknowledged the divided inspiration of the dust-bin and the rabbit-hutch.

Again I called a halt, and the Cornish lady, taking a hand, repeated with tedious amplitude

Japan for a Week

of explanation that we were not proposing to return all the way to London by rickshaw, but only to proceed to Queen's Road, the main street of Hong Kong.

But by this time the pirates had lost all knowledge of English ; you never saw two Chinamen so helplessly and woefully ignorant of the simplest words. They pronounced " Queen's Road " all the ways that could possibly suggest themselves to an imaginative and industrious race, and assumed expressions of bafflement that would have done credit to an elephant in an aeroplane.

In this emergency I bethought me of my map and pointed out " Queen's Road." They were more surprised than ever. If I had asked to be taken to the harbour and drowned, they could not have looked more surprised.

" Queen's Load ? " said Wai Lee, as if aghast at the suggestion. And Ah Lie said " Queen's Load ? " as if he had never heard of such a thing in his life.

" Yes," I assured them ; " that is the idea I have been painfully trying to convey to your Celestial minds for the last hour."

As there was no shadow of a chance this time of pretending to misunderstand, they dismally took up the shafts and tugged us back once more to the starting point.

Hong Kong

Here they bucked up courage to try another diversion, stopped, looked seven ways for daylight, and were on the point of resuming their favourite lost-dog expression, when I caught sight of a Sikh policeman in blazing turban at the next street corner, and sternly commanded the pirates to steer for this mark.

They looked dubious, but by this time I had had as much rain as I really cared for, and my tone probably showed it.

The pirates accordingly pulled up the short, steep street and were about to wheel to the right, away from the policeman, when I peremptorily ordered a halt.

Alighting, I presented them with five cents each, the price of a quarter of an hour's drive.

They looked terribly hurt, as if they had nursed a dear gazelle to glad them with its soft black eye, and when it came to know them well, and love them, as Tom Moore beautifully puts it, the trail of the serpent was over it all.

They mopped their sweating brows, and, suddenly recovering the use of English, protested fluently.

I stepped up briskly to the policeman. "What is the fare from the landing-stage to the Queen's Road?" I asked.

He laughed. "This is the Queen's Road," he

Japan for a Week

said, "and there is the landing-stage at the bottom of the street."

"I know," I answered. "But what is the fare?"

"Well," he said, still laughing, "five cents."

I returned to Wai Lee and Ah Lie. They were still protesting, though with less confidence. I referred them to the policeman.

Changing their tone they furnished me with touching statistics as to the number of their wives and families. I said: "You should have mentioned these painful but irrelevant facts before you quenched my simple faith in human nature by a five-mile drive through pelting rain. Gentlemen both, you have your legal fare, and wild horses of Tartary would not drag another cash out of me. Farewell. Be virtuous and you will have better luck."

With this scathing shaft of irony I shook a quart or two of rain out of my hat, and proceeded with stately dignity to parade the great Queen's Road.



CHINESE JOSS HOUSE; HONG KONG



Singapore, Colombo, and Home

WHEN we departed from Hong Kong we had been less than a fortnight on our homeward way ; the remaining ten thousand miles to Southampton took five weeks more.

One day at sea is like another. Hour follows hour and nothing beautifully happens. The great ship ploughs placidly along, and the passengers, now attired like the ship's officers, in the white garb of the tropics, snore the snore of the just in the basket chairs bought at Hong Kong.

Now and then the appearance of a whale or a distant ship arouses the more strenuous to languid excitement. Field glasses are produced. The stranger is scrutinised and discussed. Then it fades out of sight and we sink back to sleep.

Flying fish have become too common to be noticed ; they splash up under our bows in continuous swarms, skim the surface of the waves for fifty or a hundred yards, and once more become fishified.

In the Straits of Malacca we are aroused to blinking wakefulness by the sight of a bird

Japan for a Week

standing, apparently, on the surface of the sea ; but the ship's officers explain that it is standing actually on the branches of a submerged tree, and, having it pointed out to us, we all see the trunk of the tree, " oh, yes, quite plain," as a lady said to me, " almost as plain as you." But she was a German lady and only spoke English just well enough to make herself misunderstood.

The heat at this point was so terrific that I was too sleepy to sit up to my meals, and on several occasions had to hire deck hands to smoke my cigar for me.

According to Courtneidge, who is an old and experienced traveller, we were now " within sight of the Equator," but though I borrowed his new marine glasses—and, by the way, forgot to return them—I am not really sure that I saw it.

The only breaks in the perfect laziness of those exquisite weeks were the halts at coaling stations.

One scene stands for all ; the great ship lying at anchor surrounded by junks and barges full of half-naked creatures—yellow, brown, and black, marine pedlars of porcelains, brocades, fans, ivory, mother of pearl, bamboo, ostrich eggs, ostrich feathers, cocoa-nuts, rubies, flimsy Oriental jewellery—all equal fish to the capacious and catholic net of the irrepressible lady from Cornwall.

Singapore, Colombo, and Home

I could fill volumes with the talk of their infinite bargaining—the sanguine Asiatics, voluble, gesticulating, grinning at first under their tattered straw hats, but gradually worn down by the Cornish lady's remorseless depreciation of their prices, discouraged, dismayed, and finally departing with a scathing, "Ah, lady, you no got no money."

At Port Said we arrived in the middle of the night, but the Oriental merchants came alongside all the same with the coaling barges. I took the Cornish lady ashore for a scamper through the dark, deserted streets, but the dealers must have got wind of her coming, and, as if by magic, their bazaars were opened, and lights flared up in her honour. She was deeply touched by this attention. It unmanned her. Utterly forgetting herself, she spent, I think, one and ninepence.

Another constant feature of these halts were the divers, naked brown boys with flashing teeth and blazing eyes, who paddle out in canoes fragile as nut shells, to dive for money. One may throw a piece small as a threepenny bit, yards wide of their boats, but quick as thought they dart after it, and invariably come up smiling with the prize in their teeth. At Colombo a huge, horrible devil-fish hovered about the ship, but it made no difference to these merry, chattering, agile little

Japan for a Week

imps. I am assured that their enterprise is undismayed even in the presence of sharks.

One incident I recall as symptomatic and significant. At Singapore a stately turbaned Indian dealer in rubies had been so intent on his haggling that he failed to notice the signal of the ship's departure and the removal of the gangway. A German officer, finding him still aboard, brutally cuffed and kicked him down the hatch. The Asiatic, who looked a prosperous, well-to-do merchant, took the blows unresisting, submissive as a cringing dog. He even salaamed to the ground, smiling obsequiously as if grateful for undeserved honour. By this time the ship was under way, but the Indian, erect and impassive, watched the shore recede without protest or demur. Then the officer turned his back, and in a flash the Indian's smiling humility changed to a scowl of hatred, threatening and deadly as a serpent's fang. There are prophets who predict the rise of a United Asia to shake off the White Man's yoke ; if they are right, and if I rightly interpret the glance I caught on that lurid face, humanity may prepare to be staggered.

Less vivid but much more pleasant are my recollections of our hasty land excursions at Singapore and Colombo. It fell upon a flaming, golden, sweltering day, that an ill-starred rick-

Singapore, Colombo, and Home

shaw boy contracted to take me for a twenty-mile ride through tropical woods to a little inn near Singapore where a turquoise sea curves rippling round a little bay, and here, under the spreading parasols of an immense Palmyra palm looking like a patriarch in meditation, we partook of our frugal meal (in four courses) and thought we had found heaven. The rickshaw boy, wringing the perspiration out of his loin towel, appeared, however, to hold the contrary opinion, thus demonstrating once more that one man's meat may be another man's poison.

When we found Colombo, we forgot Singapore. In this enchanted isle the men walk like gods and look like Jesus. One may see a hundred in a day who might have served as models for our medieval painters' conceptions of the Christ. The tortoise-shell combs which they wear in their hair—especially the bald-headed ones—impart a touch of girlish effeminacy to their aspect; but for refined nobility of feature and stateliness of carriage I have not seen their equals.

There was one buying fruit from a fat Chinaman as we passed—a man with a cultured, sensitive poet's face, a figure erect as the region palms, and a gaze clear and fearless as a hawk's. The Chinaman, I inferred from their gestures, had

tried to cheat him, but the Singhalese shot a glance at him that would have scorched a salamander, and as he stalked away with the majesty of an offended emperor, the huckster averted his narrow cunning Mongolian eyes, as if dazzled by a flash of lightning.

If the world were ruled by appearances, the Singhalese would be the princes of the earth.

Nature has framed their beauty in a worthy setting. Their favoured isle is a garden of the gods. The road to Mount Lavinia is lined by jungles of palms—common or cocoa-nut palms, exuberant wax palms, fragile vegetable ivory palms, every known and conceivable variety of stately tropical trees, enriched with necessary colour by orange trees heavy with vermilion fruit and aloes dying of their monstrous flowers. Even the business streets of blue and white plastered bungalows, sufficiently differentiated from Cheapside by their traffic of lumbering bullock carts, are further redeemed from excessive commercial severity by clusters of palm trees on the sidewalk.

I cannot think that the earth holds a lovelier spot. But in this Paradise, too, the Devil has had his finger. One sees his claws peep out in the cruel thorns of the fig tree, the darts of the cactus, the swords of the dicksonias, and the sharp daggers of the aloes. There is not only

Singapore, Colombo, and Home

beauty but also demoniac frenzy “worse than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,” in the bristling armoury of these vegetable “Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras dire”; and looking at the trunk of the banana, one might well conceive that it had sought protection from their devilish menace in its imbricated rhinoceros cuirass.

The impish crows which swarm everywhere wear a hell-born air, too. Being held sacred in Ceylon, they use the hood of their sanctity, as other saintly devils have before them, to play the very devil. I saw one, suddenly darting from a tree, snatch a piece of meat from a careless girl’s marketing basket, and mock her tears with satanic snigger when it had reached its perch again.

But the most infernal thing I saw in our ride was an old man with white spots on his brown hands which he held out to me as he ran by the rickshaw. I had no small change in my pocket and shook my head in refusal. A stately Singhalese, noting the gesture, addressed me in rebuke, as I surmised, of my stinginess. “He is a leper,” he said. The white spots on the brown hands were—ugh! I shudder when I remember that I touched them.

There were plenty of other beggars, less memorable but more pleasant. Swarms of naked

Japan for a Week

brown children run along the rickshaws all the way, pleading for coppers. "You very good papa," they cry, "me poor hungry boy, give me a penny." And to ensure understanding they rub their tubby little stomachs with gestures expressive of terrible hunger, showing their white teeth in merry laughter the while.

I had been a "very good papa" to the extent of my copper resources when we halted to photograph a group of urchins who had run after us for a mile. At the end of the "sitting" they all gathered round hopefully, to repeat the information that we were good papas and mammas and that they were very poor hungry boys and girls. I dived into my pocket, found I had no change, and signified the same in the usual manner. Deep dejection fell upon the laughing faces, but one little scamp of about ten, after inspecting me minutely for possibilities of compensation, detected a cigar peeping out of my waistcoat pocket. Then, pointing to it, he said: "This poor hungry boy take cigar instead." I ought not to have done it, but the artfulness of it disarmed my stern morality, and I left him smoking it in triumph, the admired and envied of all his mates.

It was a good cigar, too. A box of five hundred cost me twenty shillings in Hong Kong.

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Singapore, Colombo, and Home

After Colombo's exuberant verdure comes what Milton calls " the spicy shore of Araby the blest " (*sic*), and the traveller's rapturous Hosannas blaze to blasphemy upon his candent lips.

Oh, the arid, torrefied, awful waste of rock and sand ! Not a tree or blade of grass to be seen. Not any sign of human habitation, except here and there, at intervals of many miles, a huddle of sand heaps on the beach representing the homes of Arab fishermen.

It had been hot in the Straits, but in the Red (hot) Sea the ignifluous air, fired by a copper sun's calorific rays, scorched like the breath of a furnace. The thermometer on the promenade deck registered an unabating, relentless 87 in the shade.

This in November, when Fleet Street would be enfolded, doubtless, in the clammy, clinging, clay-cold embrace of a dear, delightful " London particular." For two days we suffered the torments of the Ancyent Marinere, " every tongue thro' utter drouth a-wither'd at the root," and bitterly repented us of all the nasty, thankless things we had said about London's too-late-lamented, exquisite November fogs.

The Cornish lady suggested that it would be a profitable warning to the journalists of England if some brimstone-gospel mission were to transport them for the summer to the stony strand of

Aden. If anything could convert them, she thought, this foretaste of their hereafter surely should. Indeed, I myself, though not much of a journalist, was moved to resolve that I really would try to lead a better and nobler life; and I did, too, monotonously, till we struck the cooler breezes of the Suez Canal.

I wonder what Palmerston would say now to this wonderful waterway. It is only fifty years since he denounced the Suez Canal scheme in Parliament as one of the most remarkable frauds of modern times. Now the canal carries fifteen million tons of traffic in a year, sixty-one per cent of it British. The British Government holds forty-three per cent of the company's entire share capital, and would gladly pledge the Crown Jewels to get hold of the rest. So much for the wisdom and prescience of renowned statecraft!

Within two days of the Red Sea's greatest heat we reached the Mediterranean, doffed the white garb of the sultry life, and began to talk, towards evening, of tippets.

In two days we had bridged the whole Jewish history from Abraham, Jacob, and Moses to Jesus. In two days we had passed the sources of the three great Western religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. In two days we had scoured the scenes of the world's most

Singapore, Colombo, and Home

ambitious exploits—scenes of Alexander's battles, and Cæsar's and Pompey's and Napoleon's—some of which have wanted scouring for centuries.

Another two days' steaming, and we reach another classic land, Sicily, the site of Vulcan's forge and Proserpine's abduction. Here, two thousand years ago, began the fateful clash of arms between Rome and Carthage. Goths and Vandals, Norman Knights, German Barons, Counts of Anjou, and Kings of Aragon have in turns possessed this odoriferous and troubled, enviable and pitiful land of lava scars, rich grape bloom, honey, volcanoes, flowers, and Grasso. As we skim the straits between rocky Scylla and whirly Charybdis, we plainly see the ruins of Messina. Then, passing Stromboli as he belches his intermissive smoke at intervals of a few minutes, we see clusters of white houses clinging to the steep volcanic crags, and marvel that men should, for the means of life, live in such peril of death.

Then comes Italy, land of Dante and Marconi, Columbus and Garibaldi, Alfieri and Dorando. We run into a breakwater in the famous Bay of Naples, and thereby gain time to visit resurrected Pompeii and dread Vesuvius. Then Genoa the Superb, with its famous Campo Santo, and its

Japan for a Week

crooked alleys “where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air.”

Then Algiers, Gibraltar, and—the rest of the journey is almost as familiar to Britons as the Strand.

The English-Speaking Bond

IT was only on reaching Italy that I began fully to realise this wonderful thing, that for nearly six weeks, on a German ship, in a journey of nearly ten thousand miles, we had heard little of any language but English !

It is an amazing thing when one thinks of it.

In Japan, as I have told you, most of the tradespeople spoke English. At Shanghai, at Hong Kong, at Singapore, at Penang, at Colombo, at Suez, at Port Said—all the way home to the Italian ports, the language of all the ship's traffic, the language of such discourse as the passengers held with natives, most of the language on board ship itself, was English.

The German captain of our ship spoke English more often than German. All his officers spoke English.

The Chinese man-o'-war's men who conveyed the Chinese prince on board at Shanghai, received their commands and exchanged commands with our German sailors in English. The Chinese mandarins in their conversations with the ship's officers invariably spoke English.

Japan for a Week

They use the same ideographs in writing as the Japanese, but to talk to our Japanese passengers they had to speak English. Nay, coming as they did, from various provinces of the Empire, where the language greatly differs, they found it most convenient in conversation among themselves to speak English !

That seems to me a bigger fact than the British Empire. If, as some aver, the greatest hindrances to peaceful international intercourse are the misunderstandings due to diversity of tongues, the wide prevalence of the English tongue must be the greatest unifying bond the world has ever known.

And it grows—it grows unceasingly. At the beginning of last century English was the native speech of little more than twenty million people. At the end of the century it was spoken by 130 millions. Before the year 2000 it will probably be spoken by 250 to 500 millions.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome, the population of the Empire was less than 100 millions. To-day 350 millions own the sway of rulers who speak English. Thirty per cent of the world's population speak English.

There never was such an Empire ; there never was such a bond of union between men as the language of Shakespeare and of the British Colonial Office.

The English-Speaking Bond

The *Times* lately told of a Parliamentary candidate in Hungary who addressed the electors, at their request, in English. His own tongue was Magyar, and the electors were Slovaks, who did not understand that tongue. But he knew English, and most of them had learnt it.

In ordering the study of English to take the place of Greek, Count Kielmansegg, Governor of Lower Austria, declared that "English is a world-language." And everybody realises that—except the English.

"The English language," wrote Baron Grimm, "may with all right be called a world-language, and, like the English people, appears destined hereafter to prevail with a sway more extensive even than its present, over all the portions of the globe. For in wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it, not even our German."

The battle of the tongues has been as keen, ever since the colonising era began, as the strife for territory. First Spanish seemed likely to prevail. Then French, the speech of diplomacy, art, literature, and fashion. But since Napoleon's fall, English has steadily forged ahead as a world-language, and in the last half-century has far out-distanced all competitors. It is easy to learn,

Japan for a Week

its vernacular is uniform and well established, and it has discarded most of the clumsy syntax of more primitive languages, such as Russian, its only future rival, and German, its Teutonic sister tongue.

German, though still the language of scholarship, makes no advance in the world of affairs, and the fact will astonish no one who has fruitfully understood Mark Twain's famous appendix in *A Tramp Abroad* on "that Awful German Language." It is said that Germans in the States make haste to learn English and soon speak nothing else, even amongst themselves. It is the same all over the East. German commerce expands, but most of it is conducted in English, or, as on the Bagdad railway, in French. The Orientals are leisurely people, but even they have not time for the complexities of the German sentences.

English, on the other hand, seems destined to become *the* medium of intercommunication over the whole of the vast world now starting into quick life on the shores of the Pacific, from New Zealand and Australia to Alaska. It is compulsory in all Japanese schools of upper grades. In China it is the official language for scientific and technical education, and its study is compulsory in all provincial scientific and technical high schools.

The English-Speaking Bond

It is a great fact that one-fifth of the globe is under British rule. It is a much bigger and more important fact that three-fourths of the world's postal matter is addressed in English ; that half the world's newspapers are printed in English ; that three-fourths of the world's newspaper readers are English.

That is the mightiest and most significant fact in contemporary history. For language is the most powerful of all unifying forces. Fusion of tongues is evidence of progress. Identity of language is the only true and permanent bond of alliance. If the whole world spoke one language, if the whole world were swayed by the same literature and philosophy, then, perhaps, at last, we might beat our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning hooks. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished ; and the maintenance of the British Empire is its essential condition. The Pax Britannica is the nucleus of the millennial World Peace.

The German Menace

YOU may remember that when we started our journey to Japan, we asked ourselves in Berlin, whether patriotism meant pride in our degeneracy and a mistaken contempt for fitter people. We came back convinced that British degeneracy is a local condition of British industrialism ; that no fitter people exist than the Britons who have gone back to Nature overseas ; that British rule is a blessing rather than an evil to the lands upon which it has imposed itself ; and that the highest patriotism, which consists in goodwill for all the races of the earth, imperatively demands resistance to the attack upon British power which observant travellers of all nationalities believe to be imminent.

Courtneidge had asked in Berlin whether it was worth while to arm and fight for the defence of our slums and squalor against Germany and superior efficiency. My answer on our return was to urge my friend, Robert Blatchford, who had been warning England of the German menace in the *Clarion* for five years, to repeat his warning

The German Menace

through the louder megaphone of the *Daily Mail*; and Courtneidge effectively replied to his own questions by offering Blatchford a cheque for £250, with a further £250 to follow, towards the propagation of his *Daily Mail* articles and the organisation of effective national defence. That was the effect of the fuller knowledge and understanding produced by what we had seen and heard in the course of our wanderings.

We began with a day in Berlin; we ended with nearly seven weeks' intimate daily discourse with German passengers and officers on a German ship; and the concluding experience not only confirmed but very effectually "rubbed in" the impression of German ambition conveyed in our Berlin friend's frank and breezy explanation of *Welt Politik*.

Our commercial and financial passengers, like our Berlin friend, talked of the German annexation of Holland and Belgium as certainties of the immediate future. Denmark and Sweden are to follow. Germany is within our time to occupy the whole of Central Europe from North Sea to Adriatic.

Then Germany must have colonies for her growing population and to expand trade in her manufactures. Germany, they say, justly enough, is at least as fit for, and has just as much right to,

colonial and commerical expansion as Great Britain. "*Also müssen wir Schiffe haben.* We must have a great fleet to protect the growing interests of the Deutsche Bank in Turkey, Asia Minor, and Persia. That is why over a million Germans are members of the Navy League, and why the League's official organ has the largest circulation of any paper in Germany. War? Ach! no, there will be no war; but we want to be ready to pick up what we can as opportunity occurs."

There is no ill-feeling between the German and British peoples—"no offence i' the world." The Germans sincerely like the English and in many ways admire them. They have no wish to make war, and never will, if they can obtain their objects by peaceful strategy.

But—they believe in their nation and their nation's mission and destiny. They also believe, more or less avowedly, that England has "seen her best day." They believe that having doubled her possessions within the last fifty years, England has "bitten off more than she can chew"; they do not believe that England is strong enough to continue to hold a fifth of the globe's entire surface.

"England," they say, "is becoming fat and lazy." They know that the blue mould of

The German Menace

luxurious desuetude is rotting our wealthy classes, while insufficient food and unhealthy conditions of life are distorting the physique and sapping the virility of the poor. They know that their people, on the other hand, are sturdy, strenuous, efficient, and, as our Berlin friend said, "thorough." Universal military training has promoted the health and strength of the masses. Open-air exercise, good food and clothing, have transformed starvelings and weaklings into men. Soldiering has strengthened the nerves, quickened the sense, developed the courage, self-reliance, and self-respect of the whole people. Their manhood, as any casual visitor to their country must observe, is more erect of bearing, more alert, and of sturdier physique than ours.

The South African war opened Germany's eyes to England's weakness. If Germany had had a navy at that time, England, depleted of troops as she was, would have been helpless.

"Our kindred in South Africa were crying to us for help," say the Germans, "and we could not give it because we had no ships. At that time we might have had all South Africa. But similar opportunities must occur in the future, and next time we shall be ready."

One hears a good deal of that sort of talk. On the first day of the voyage, at Yokohama, the

Japan for a Week

captain, probably taking me for a German American (I was born in Germany and look it), expressed his belief apropos of aviation that "the English brain is going backward. The future of the world," he added, emphatically, "belongs to Germany"; and, this as an after-thought, "to America; and then, a long way off, perhaps Russia."

A German passenger told me that "England has seen her day. She is ruined by too much liberty, too much democracy. The common people must be governed; they must have discipline. Without obedience there can be no power."

At Gibraltar I had taken a snap-shot of the Rock, when the steward, pessimistically meditating on the probable amount of his tips, fastened his gloomy glance on me.

Chafing under his speculative scrutiny, as under "the oppression of inexpressible guilt," I tried to divert his morbid mind with humour.

"The English pretend," I said jocularly, "that Gibraltar is impregnable; but I have just taken it."

I cannot think why it is, but though German was the first tongue known to my baby lips, my adult humour, when conveyed in that language, invariably miscarries.

Instead of laughing, the steward spluttered ex-

The German Menace

citedly : " They believe that man cannot Gibraltar take ? Ach, lieber Himmel, have you the patching of concrete on the other side ge-seen ? Their Gibraltar crumbles, it crumbles away. We have only a gun here on the Algeciras side to fix, and we blow Gibraltar in the air up."

The man's earnestness and confidence amused me at the moment ; but it struck me afterwards as a serious symptom, too. It was typical of many signs and portents.

If the wide-stretched British frontier has any vulnerable spot, at home or overseas, that spot will, before many years, be discovered and attacked. There may be no war. The " incident " may be as quiet as the pegging back of Russian influence in the Balkan States after the Japanese war. But for that vulnerable spot Britain will have to pay the price. That is sure as the tide, sure as sunrise, sure as death.

It is the inevitableness of the clash and conflict of interests that makes the situation so tragic. The German aims are, according to the modern standard of international morals, entirely legitimate and unexceptionable. The Germans are only proposing to do what the British have done in the past ; and their claims can only be answered by submission, or by opposition of strength to strength. While we are strong enough to

Japan for a Week

defend our possessions, there will be no war ; when we are not, we shall lose them.

I am a sentimentalist, a humanitarian, a believer in the ultimate peace of universal brotherhood. But I recognise that under the pressure of existing economic competition, my sentimental aspirations have no more power than sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. They are the expression of a hope, the name of a vision of better days to come. Meantime, we have to fight it out under the stern rule of those inseparable despots, Need and Greed. The firmest bonds of friendship between nations are still interest and force.

If international brotherhood meant anything : if John Smith of Manchester, Jacques Durand of Elbeuf, and Hans Müller of Chemnitz, were really as fond of each other as of their personal friends and relations, if they were as eager for their foreign brothers' interest as for the satisfaction of their own children's hunger, then, indeed, war might be abolished.

But the mere statement of such a hypothesis is an exposure of its absurdity. John Smith would be prepared to sacrifice much for the wife he loves, a good deal even for the neighbour whom he knows ; but one cannot hope that he will willingly stand aside in a clash of interest for

The German Menace

the advantage of Jacques Durand or Hans Müller, whom he has never seen.

“ Suppose a mandarin of China, who lives five thousand miles from you in a fabulous land, a man whom you will never see ; suppose that the death of this chimerical person might make you a millionaire ; suppose that you might cause his death, five thousand miles away (without anybody’s being the wiser), by merely lifting your finger, what would you do ? ” Bianchon, Balzac’s great materialist, confessed in a moment of intimate confidence that he had reached his thirty-third mandarin.

In this very imperfect world there are many Bianchons, and their gold rules the world.

Our dreams of Universal Brotherhood will get themselves realised some day ; but not till all the lands of the earth are combined under one dominion, or until some Power or alliance of Powers has set up an effective international police, interested in, and capable of its enforcement.

Something of the sort may be done by extension of alliances. Japan, Russia, France, and Great Britain are more or less loosely leagued already. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Switzerland can hope to live only by peace. The United States Government favours limitation of armaments. If this league

of interests were combined to enforce the verdicts of the Hague tribunal—to make peace if need be, as Mr. Carnegie suggests, by means of war, then there might be hope of reducing armaments.

But a German occupation of Holland, Denmark, and Sweden would have a precisely opposite effect. Consider what an immediate, grave, and constant menace it would be to our communications and means of life. It would result, if not in immediate raids and invasion of our territory, in constant panics and terrors of invasion. It would mean perpetual harassment, anxiety, and still more enormous armaments.

Therefore, in fulfilment of our treaty obligations, in self-defence and in the interests of peace, Great Britain would be bound to resist the German expansion from Baltic to Adriatic which German merchants and financiers declare to be inevitably imminent.

As for the break-up of the already established federation of peoples known as the British Empire, that would be, as Blatchford says, “a misfortune for Europe and a blow to civilisation throughout the world.”

Friedrich List, though a German opponent of England, has testified that “the world is not impeded but immeasurably assisted in its progress

The German Menace

by England.” And he asks : “ Who knows how far back the world would be to-day had there been no England ? And if England ceased to exist, who knows how far mankind would be thrown back ? ”

More than a fifth part of the globe is under British rule. To allow all this effort and achievement to be thrown back into the melting pot, to be scrambled for again in fire and slaughter, would be neither wise nor humane. It would be the greatest disaster and set-back that could possibly happen to the progress of internationalism and humanity.

For the Pax Britannica, I repeat, is the most hopeful start the world has ever yet made towards the establishment of Universal Peace.

A Plea for Patriotism

THERE is a sort of blatant, blustering, screeching, pseudo-patriot amongst us, whose bellowing bombast, by exciting the suspicion of honest and reasonable citizens, becomes the chief obstacle to a rational and necessary policy of national defence.

For the patriotism which leads its devotees under all circumstances to "put your country first," without regard to the rights and welfare of other countries, is, like egoism in individuals, or the affection in families which utterly ignores the convenience and happiness of their neighbours, a virtue distorted to vice.

It is this sort of patriotism which has throughout history led men to wage immoral wars, to carry fire and sword, havoc and pillage, into their neighbours' lands.

To that sort of patriotism there is no limit. It must proceed, its appetite growing by what it feeds on, till Carthage is laid in ashes for the glory of Rome, until Rome is destroyed in its turn by the ferocity of the Goths, till the surface

A Plea for Patriotism

of the earth is devastated, and every country, in its turn, has fallen a victim to universal greed.

Such patriotism is fostered by governments which have sordid interests to serve. They use it to create the belief that the common welfare is dependent on the triumph of their ambition and greed, with the result that

“Man strives 'gainst man without a cause for strife :
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed,
For some vile spot where fifty cannot feed.”

And then “a swarm of hungry bellies with no clothes dance round a pole because their Grand Monarque, at the expense of a million of their money and fifty thousand lives, has acquired a white elephant ; or, in other words, taken a town or gained a victory.” That is patriotism of the jingo type. I appeal to the British Democracy on behalf of a nobler patriotism—a patriotism stainless of greed and selfish passion, whose zeal for the welfare of its own country is covetous only of that country's pride of service to her backward sisters in a world-wide march towards a higher and higher civilisation.

I believe that nations, like men, may be true to themselves and yet not untrue to others. They may respect and protect themselves, yet be neither arrogant, grasping, nor hostile to others. The really healthy and strong man is

never a bully ; neither is the truly strong and healthy nation. It will use its health and strength to defend its own rightful interest, and protect the weak among other nations against greed and oppression.

We should be more than men to love all beings equally ; but for the same reason that self-love should be developed into love of family, and love of family into love of country, I claim that true patriotism must expand into consideration, not only for self, for kindred, for friends, and country, but also for the general welfare of the race.

And I claim further that the effort so to expand patriotism will not diminish, but enlarge its power. The patriotism which can embrace the world will eventually rule the world. If the British Empire is to be maintained, if the two hundred and fifty millions of India, the millions of Egyptians, Boers, and blacks now under British government are to remain united in a world-confederacy, the bond will have to be, not selfish and bombastious jingoism, but the enlarged patriotism which regards the earth as the birth-right of no individual or nation, but a heritage given to the whole human race for the advantage and happiness of all.

In the troubled times now brewing in the Far

A Plea for Patriotism

East, such a patriotism would unselfishly direct the awakening of China to the whole world's equal gain. In the troubled times threatening the British Empire nearer home, it would prevent war by conclusively persuading the scheming continental financiers that an attack on the British Empire would not "pay."

It is maddening to see the Great Powers of the West drifting into suicidal conflict with each other, while the whole structure of civilisation's achievement—which is the raising of the general standard of life—stands threatened by the advancing surge of economic, and perhaps military, invasion from the East! The late King Oscar of Sweden, a far-seeing statesman, chosen for his sagacity to preside over most of the international arbitration councils which took place during the later years of his reign, in a letter written in March, 1896, long before the Russo-Japanese war, expressed his "feeling of worry and fear whenever I contemplate the dangers to Western European civilisation which are sure to loom up from the Pacific coasts," and he added: "In the bloody conflict, sure to take place some time, and on the outcome of which the fate of Europe will probably depend, the Occident will be conquered by the Orient." But if peace were assured in the North Sea and

Mediterranean that danger would be happily averted: for then it might be possible to set about the formation of the United States of Europe, in which King Oscar founded his only hopes of safety, and even of arranging an alliance between them and the United States of America to divert and direct the threat to civilisation now looming up on the Eastern sky.

To bring about that consummation is, I am now convinced, the most important work to which any lover of mankind can direct his energies.

I know that many of my Socialist friends differ from me in this opinion. They ask, not unreasonably, "Of what interest are your Yellow Peril and your problems of *Welt Politik* to the women who wheel salt cake, who puddle iron, who forge chains? to the men who are daily liable to be 'gassed' in chemical works, to 'phossy jaw' in match factories, and choke-damp in collieries? Is Oldham worth defending? Is Tyneside worth fighting for? Shall we toil and sweat at the building of Dreadnoughts to keep conquerors out of the Black Country?"

If the British Empire were all Whitechapel and its possible conquerors benevolent Arcadians, the question could only be answered rationally with an emphatic negative.

A Plea for Patriotism

Who lives his life in London or Liverpool or Glasgow may well come to believe that the slum gin palace is the heart of the British Empire, its chivalry the vampires of the Stock Exchange, its pride of womanhood the painted harlot, its legions the weedy unemployed, its escutcheon the crown of Mammon and the shackles of the gaol, its horizon the hideous murk of the factory town, and its religion and mission the huckster's gospel of Grab and Greed and "Devil take the hindmost." What spark of patriotism could Cradley or Widnes kindle in any generous breast? What should they care for England who only Hoxton know?

But the British Empire extends beyond the chimney-stacks and cinder heaps of the factory system, and its rulers and administrators are not all coiners of dividends nor accomplices of the sweater. In the uplift of social conditions which is the main purpose of civilisation and progress, the English-speaking peoples lead the world. The British Empire is the chief obstacle to a throw-back into barbarism. It is the mainstay of international peace.

The British Empire must be seen to be believed. In our journey home from Japan we had brief glimpses of a few of its outposts, and were deeply impressed by the unmistakable quality of the

Japan for a Week

English gentlemen whom we found in charge there of civilisation's interests—able and devoted men, “humble because of knowledge, mighty by sacrifice.”

Seeing what they have done, seeing how the lands under their rule surpass in peace and well-being kindred lands under other rulers, seeing with how much more tenderness their power is exercised than that of their colonising competitors, we came to believe it true that, despite all its frauds and cruelties and defects, the British Peace is, on the whole, as civilising and humanising an influence as the world has yet invented.

It is true that unbridled greed has done foul wrongs abroad, and created cities at home which are as common sewers pouring out the dregs of every corruption and rascality. But we need not pull down the palace to cleanse the pigsty. Though London be rotten, the Empire is hale and fair. They are the outlying dependencies in distant seas, and their sturdy peoples that save England from decrepitude and decay.

Therefore, and for all the reasons here enumerated, we came back convinced that it is good citizenship by all means to hold fast to the Empire. It is an edifice worth mending and preserving.

And I have been brought to the conclusion—

A Plea for Patriotism

slowly, reluctantly, but sincerely—that the way to mend and preserve the Empire is to train every citizen to its defence in case of war—*on condition that his country accept responsibility in time of peace for every defender's Right to Live.*

That is the way to cure slums and degeneracy.
That is the way to preserve the British Empire.

Japan for a Week

With respect to the last chapter, Lord Roberts writes :

“ENGLEMERE, ASCOT, BERKS.

“DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for sending me a copy of the *Clarion* of April 29, containing your article on ‘Empire, Patriotism, and Peace.’ It is most interesting, and I am very glad, though not surprised, that your travels have resulted in convincing you that ‘the maintenance of the British Empire is a primary condition of human progress.’

“With your conclusion that the way to preserve the Empire is to train every citizen to its defence in case of war, I thoroughly agree, and, though I cannot go as far as you do as to the duty of the State to provide a living for all, I do think it ought to give employment to those who serve it under arms in preference to all others.

“Yours faithfully,

“ROBERTS, F.M.

“Alex. M. Thompson, Esq.”

INDEX

INDEX

- Amusements in Japan, 59, 60,
123
- Army and Navy in Japan,
113-17, 142, 143
- — in China, 149, 182,
183, 185-91, 197
- Art in Japan, 56, 58, 78-80
- Awakening of China, 149,
176, 177-98
- Berlin, 3-10
- Blatchford, R., 230-1
- British Empire, vi-vii, 205,
206, 239, 242-7
- China's awakening, 149, 176,
177-98
- Chinese army and navy, 149,
182, 183, 185-91, 197
- children, 151, 162, 163,
219
- honesty, 158, 159
- pigtail, 162, 197
- Chinese punishments and tor-
tures, 162-5, 174-6
- restaurants, 154
- social conditions, 156-66,
192-6
- stagnation and ignorance,
178-84
- superstitions, 202-3
- women, 164-5, 193-6
- Christianity in the East, 85,
86, 87, 88, 95, 174-6
- Cicada, 57, 144
- Colombo, 215, 217-20
- Commercial view of Japan,
52, 105-13, 118
- Conscription, 7, 233, 247
- Cosmopolitan uniformity, 48,
49
- De Fonblanque, 110-12, 136,
137
- Divers, 215
- Droschkies, 31
- Dutch traders in Japan, 110

Index

- English language, 225-9
— — in Japan, 121, 122,
130-7
European aggression in the
East, 46, 86, 174-6, 177,
185-206
Europe as seen by Japanese,
86, 97-9, 131

Factories in Japan, 56, 60,
92-6
Feet crippled in China, 162-5
Fujiyama, 63

Geisha, 59
German efficiency, vi, 6, 7,
233
— menace, vi, 9, 230-9
— poverty, 6
Greeks, ancient, compared with
Japanese, 80, 81, 125

Holland and Belgium, German
absorption of, 9, 231, 237,
238
Honesty, Chinese, 158, 159
— Japanese, 105-17
Hong Kong, 199-212
Human Brotherhood, 49, 236,
237

Indian policemen in China,
152, 211

Inland Sea of Japan, 138-46

Japanese amusements, 59, 60,
123
— and Greeks, 81, 125-9
— army and navy, 113-17,
142, 143
— art, 56, 58, 78-80, 126-7
— boatmen, 53, 140, 141
— bookmakers, 50
— children, 53, 58, 141
— costumes, 51, 67, 84, 85
— courts, 106-9
— divorce, 101-3
— English, 121, 122, 130-7
— food, 89-91, 123
— gardens, 71, 75
— geisha, 59, 60
— honesty, 105-17
— impressions of Europe, 97-
9, 131
— landscapes, 54, 55, 63, 68,
81, 139, 140, 142
— manners, 51, 62, 64, 118-
24, 135-7
— marriage customs, 97
— patriotism, 115-17, 125
— pilgrims, 73
— police, 120, 134
— religion, 82-5
— rickshaws, 90, 119, 122,
126, 145

Index

- Japanese shopkeepers, 76,
121-2
— shrines and temples, 58,
59, 73, 78-80, 84
— Socialism, 85
— superstitions, 83
— tea-houses, 59, 70, 71
— trains, 62-5
— workers, 56, 57, 63, 89-
96, 141
- Kremlin, 34
- Kyoto, 56
- Labour in Japan, 89-96
- Literary view of Japan, 51,
52, 118
- Mandarins, 188-91
- Marriage customs, 97, 101-3,
193
— strike, 195
- Missionaries, 85, 87, 175
- Moscow, 29-38
- Nagasaki, 144, 145
- Nikko, 73-84
- Patriotism, vi, 7, 8, 10, 47,
115-17, 125, 232, 240-7
- Pax Britannica, 229, 239
- Pidgin English, 152, 157,
177, 178
- Pigtail, 162, 197
- Politeness in Japan, 64, 118
- Port Said, 215
- Prince Suhn, 187, 188
- Punishments and tortures in
China, 162-5, 174-6
- Red Sea, 221
- Religion in Japan, 58, 59, 69,
70, 73, 78-80, 82, 84,
85-8
- Rickshaws, 90, 119, 122, 126,
145, 209-12, 216, 217
- Roberts, Lord, letter from,
248
- Russian Empire, 19, 20, 44
46
— palaces, 21
— passports, 11
— piety, 29
— poverty, 23, 29, 32, 40,
42
— revolution, 24
- Salvation Army in Japan, 69,
70
- Shanghai, 147-55
- Shogun's Tomb, 73, 77-80
- Siberian Railway, 39, 43, 44
— prisoners, 32, 43

Index

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Singapore, 216, 217 | customs and costumes, 48, |
| Singhalese, 217 | 49 |
| Suez Canal, 222 | Vladivostock, 45 |
| Superstitions, 83, 202, 203 | |
| | Women, status of, in the East, |
| Tokyo, 66-72 | 100-4, 193-6 |
| Tsar's palaces, 21 | Women workers in the East, |
| Tsuruga, 54 | 91-6, 141, 150 |
| Typhoon, 200-4 | |
| | Yangtsekiang, 147-50 |
| Uniformity of cosmopolitan | Yokohama, 65 |
| | Yoshiwara, 72 |

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